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Women in soap opera



FAREWELL, BRITANNIA

Anthony Barnett takes the Great out of Britain

New Statesman

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No more illusions

LET US FIRST dispose of some myths. Labour's crushing defeat was not the fault of the media, however grotesquely biased in its coverage most of Fleet Street may have been. It was not the fault of a small group of guilty men on the Right of the Party, however deliberately unhelpful Jim Callaghan's statement on defence may have been. It was not the fault of the Militant Tendency, however unrepresentative the views of its parliamentary candidates may have been of typical Labour voters. And it was not the fault of Michael Foot as leader, however ineffective his ability to use television.

The 1983 general election was for the Labour Party the inevitable outcome of trends that could be traced back clearly to 1974, perhaps with hindsight back to 1964. The party that could proudly claim to have given the country the glorious social and welfare revolution of 1945-51 had ceased to be politically creative. Instead it gave itself over to increasingly bitter internal power struggles between its various factions, superficially binding its wounds at election times, expecting as of right continuing support from its traditional voters.

Meanwhile great social and political changes have been taking place in this country, effectively unnoticed by those involved in the Party's internecine strife. The nature of the electoral coalition that at one time even seemed to be making the Labour Party into the natural party of government had changed; and the Party seemed not to have noticed, certainly had done nothing to adapt itself to the change. Nor in recent years has it given the impression of even really trying to explain its more difficult or unpopular policies to a wider audience. Certainly it has not succeeded. All these things have been more or less clear to Labour supporters for some years. But somehow the whole Labour movement in these last few years has been held in a kind of self-destructive paralysis of will, preventing it from becoming again a radical and reforming party, drawing its authority from mass popular support. At least the trauma of this election result has had the effect of jolting the Labour movement out of its previous state of illusion about its own condition and the current trend of British politics. This, combined with Michael Foot's correct and dignified decision to stand down as leader of the party as soon as possible, has cleared the decks at once for the task of reconstruction.

THE CORE of that reconstruction must be the development and the projection of Labour policies for the next decade and more. But first, inevitably, the leadership question must be settled. It is a first sign of a new spirit of political realism within the party that the leadership election seems likely to be conducted without inflicting further damage on the party — in marked contrast to the Healey-Benn fight for the deputy leadership last time. Given the pivotal nature of the trade union block vote in the election machinery, it is essential that the unions conduct (and be seen to conduct) the fullest consultation with their memberships before deciding which candidate to support.

Even at this early stage it has become a two-horse race. It must be right for the Party to look for a leader who could not only co-ordinate the recovery now in opposition but go into,

say, a 1987 general election looking like a potential two-term Labour Prime Minister. Both Roy Hattersley and Neil Kinnock meet this requirement.

Our vote, if we had one, would go to Kinnock. Hattersley has more political and administrative experience. But Kinnock holds out the better prospect of leading all sections of the party forward in a new political crusade against Thatcherism and for a socialist alternative. He is on balance the better political communicator of the two. He certainly appeals more to the younger new cohorts of party members whose committed contribution to so many local constituency campaigns was such a paradoxically positive element in an otherwise negative general election.

Once the leadership question is settled, the Party must address itself to producing a programme of policies appropriate to a radical party in 1990 and capable of commanding the support of a new political coalition of the Left, embracing many of the new movements concerned to change society, which have not until now thought of the Labour Party as a natural source of support. In this process it must take account of the social changes that have been taking place over the past quarter century and of the many changing attitudes of those in society (both black and white) who until now it has tended arrogantly to assume would automatically vote Labour. And it must discard the impediments of past policies that may have been internal tests of party purity, but which are not relevant or realistic in the 1980s.

This is absolutely not to suggest that the Party should abdicate its role of political leadership. It should, and will, for example, remain in favour of British unilateral nuclear disarmament. But in this case it must first work out in far greater and more convincing detail what exactly would be involved in moving to a policy of non-nuclear defence and then it must explain its position confidently to the electorate month in and month out until the argument has been won. In advance of this election it did neither.

It does mean that the Party should drop its present policy on the Common Market, which is now not so much a policy as an irritable mental gesture. The idea that a country the size of the United Kingdom can or should try to play a major independent world role is a dangerous and potentially expensive anachronism. Of course the existing machinery of the EEC is in need of massive reform. But the United Kingdom is now part of Europe, politically and industrially. The residual Little Englanderism of the current anti-European policy does not fit a party that proclaims its internationalism, its links with European socialist parties and its concern about a world currently and dangerously dominated by the two super-powers.

For the rest — in law and order, in housing, in education, in local government, in taxation, in family policy — it must recognise the failure of many present Labour programmes to meet the fears (and the hopes) of many of those who ought to think of the Labour Party as their natural political representative. Over the coming months the *New Statesman* will be opening its columns to this debate about socialist policies for the next decade. □

Kinnock takes a commanding lead

THE NEW Parliamentary Labour Party has moved perceptibly to the left, and will probably vote for Neil Kinnock in the leadership election by a clear majority. The changing composition of the PLP is revealed by Andrew Roth's research into the views expressed by the 40 new Labour MPs when they were candidates,* and by analysis of the way surviving MPs voted in the deputy leadership election in 1981.

Given that about 80 per cent of the constituency parties (forming 30 per cent of the electoral college) will vote for Kinnock, and at least half the unions (forming 40 per cent of the electoral college), in the case of a final run-off between Kinnock and Hattersley, Kinnock should win the leadership with a two-to-one majority.

The 40 new Labour MPs, of whom five were MPs in 1974-79, have been classified by Roth as 32 left-wingers, three 'centrists', two right-wingers and three unknowns. Roth characterises seven of the new MPs as 'hard left', including the two Militants, David Nellist in Coventry South East and Terry Fields in Liverpool Broadgreen, and Ken Livingstone's two supporters in London, Tony Banks and Jeremy Corbyn.

It is likely that the hard left will put up their own candidate for the leadership, as Kinnock has not been forgiven for supporting the expulsion of Militant's leaders and not supporting Benn as deputy leader.

Another four of the new intake have spoken out against the expulsion of Militants: Clare Short (although she is opposed to Militant), Harry Cohen, Eddie Loyden in Liverpool Garston and Frank Cook in Stockton North.

Other notable left-wingers include Margaret Beckett, as Margaret Jackson the Bennite MP for Lincoln in 1974-79, who has since moved leftwards and is now MP for Derby South; Bryan Gould, Peter Shore's ex-PPS, and Brian Sedgmore, Tony Benn's ex-PPS; both MPs in 1974-79. The other two 'retreads', Robin Corbett and Max Madden, are strongly opposed to the EEC.

The new 'moderates' include Nick Brown in Newcastle East, who supports the so-called 'dream ticket' of Kinnock and Hattersley for leadership, but might have supported Healey if he had stood, Stuart Bell in Middlesbrough, who is in favour of staying in the Common Market, and Tony Blair in Sedgfield, who does not regard a commitment to leave the EEC as a

central tenet of socialist faith.

If we assume that the left-wingers vote for Kinnock, the right-wingers vote for Hattersley and the centrists and unknowns split equally, then Labour's new MPs will vote 35-5 in favour of Kinnock in a run-off between him and Hattersley. If those existing MPs who voted for Healey in 1981 will now vote for Hattersley, that would give him 90 votes, plus the five new ones: total 95. And if those MPs who voted for Benn would now vote for Kinnock, along with the 'soft left' who voted for Silkin in the first ballot and then abstained (with the exception of Joe Ashton, who will now vote for Hattersley), that would give Kinnock 79 votes, plus the new 35; total 114. Thus, Hattersley would not win even if the parliamentary party still elected the leader.

This change - Healey had a clear majority of the votes of the PLP in 1981 - has not come about just because the new intake of Labour MPs is left-inclined. The 71 Labour MPs who were in the last Parliament but who were not



Chris Davies/Newark

Voice from the valleys: it looks as if we shall be hearing more of it

elected last week (because they retired, were deselected, failed to find a seat or lost) are significantly more right-wing than the 169 MPs who survived. Of the 71 departing MPs, 40 voted for Healey in 1981 - a higher proportion than among the survivors, 89 of whom voted for Healey.

Among all these speculative measures, the greatest unknown factor is the effect on the contest of a

candidate to the left of Kinnock. Terry Patchett, the new mineworkers-sponsored MP in Barnsley East, said: 'I'm a Kinnock man all the way,' although he added: 'If Eric Heffer stood it would throw an element of doubt in it.'

John Rentoul

* Andrew Roth will be publishing his guide to the members of the new Parliament, *Parliamentary Profiles*, later this year.

Tory Asians do best

ASIAN candidates for Labour and the Liberal/SDP Alliance did significantly worse than the average, according to research done for this week's *Eastern Eye* on Channel Four. Michel le Lohé, senior lecturer in politics at Bradford University, compared the results in 13 seats where Asian candidates stood, with 13 equivalent seats where only white candidates stood.

In seven seats where the Alliance fielded Asian candidates (Hertsmere, Southall, Feltham & Heston, Brent North, Birmingham Sparkbrook, Manchester Central and Leicester West), the Alliance vote rose by an average of 5 per cent, compared with 13 per cent in equivalent white-only contests.

In three seats where Labour fielded Asian candidates (Warrington South, St Albans and Milton Keynes), Labour vote fell by 13 per cent, compared with an average of 4 per cent in equivalent seats.

However, in three seats where the Conservatives fielded Asian candidates (Birmingham Ladywood, Birmingham Small Heath and North Durham) the change in the Tory share was in line with equivalent seats. However, in the two Birmingham seats more than one-third of the electors are themselves Asian or black; this, to-

gether with the general fact that Conservatives tended to be more loyal to their own party than past Labour or Liberal supporters, probably explains the lack of a discrepancy for these Tory candidates.

Squeezed out

HERE ARE the results of the Fringe Election, eliminating all political parties except the five with over 20 candidates and receiving less than a total of 100,000 votes.

Top of the poll comes the Ecology Party with 53,606 votes or an average of 497.8 votes per candidate (including Women for Life on Earth candidates.) Trailing a poor second is the National Front, with 25,923 votes, but 454.8 votes per candidate. Jostling for third place are the British National Party with 14,022 votes, but only 269.7 votes per candidate, and the Communist Party with a smaller 11,596 votes, but an average of 331.3 per candidate. Almost disqualified are the Workers' Revolutionary Party, with 3,800 votes, an average of 181 per candidate.

A few of the candidates - those with a strong local record - did manage to top the 1,000 mark. From the Communist Party there was Arthur True, of Rhondda, and John Peck of Nottingham. His 1,184 votes were more than the 362 vote difference between the victor-

ious Conservative Richard Ottaway and the ousted Labour MP Mr Whitlock. Three Ecology candidates topped the 1,000 mark, including Mr Mutter in Lewes and Mr Thomas in Ogmore, Wales. The highest National Front vote was for the candidate in Newham South (993), scene of some of the worst racial attacks.

All the candidates lost their deposits.

Penguins against Thatcher

SUPPORTERS of ecology, strongest in Conservative-held semi-rural seats, will be glad to know that Mrs Thatcher takes a strong interest in ecology - and is against it. Before the election, Friends of the Earth sent round a questionnaire to candidates to find out their views on ecology. From this they drew up a list of 100 approved candidates. Mrs Thatcher surprised them with four pages of closely typed reply. She did not, however, make the list. She is against banning the pesticide 245-T, against planning controls over forestry or farming developments that threaten the countryside, against any increase in public transport subsidies and for more nuclear power stations and taking industrial exploration to the hitherto untrammelled wastes of Antarctica. Watch out penguins.

Roach coroner supports inquest reform

DURING THE first days of the inquest into the death of Colin Roach in Stoke Newington Police Station Coroner Douglas Chambers came round to the view that, in one respect at least, the inquest system needs reform.

In hearing witnesses a lot of conflicting evidence has appeared. But the counsel for the Roach family, Michael Mansfield, has been hampered by the rule, quoted in the second Blair Peach Appeal, that witness statements may not be shown to the family of the deceased. Consequently on every day so far, after witnesses have been dismissed, subsequent witnesses have given evidence that should have been put to the earlier witnesses. For this reason for instance, Keith Scully, friend of Colin Roach who saw him walk into the police station, had to be recalled on 13 June.

Dr Chambers, who on the first day quoted the law of the land and said 'much time was wasted in adjusting statements to recollection', by 8 June was hoping that illustrations of the problem arising out of this inquest could be used to get the system changed. On the next hearing day he apologised that 'a good natured coroner' could not change the law single handed.

However, improving the inquest procedures has never been the aim

of the Roach family or the campaign formed around them. Their demand for a full independent inquiry began on the night of the tragedy when, as James Roach testified on the first day of the inquest, he went to look for his son, and was held, questioned and only told at 3 am that his son had been dead for three and a half hours. And the family campaign wants to know why the police were giving statements to the press that it was suicide long before scientific tests could be completed.

No one saw the shot being fired. No evidence has yet linked the sawn-off shot gun with Colin Roach, apart from the shot that killed him. A police officer in court was unable when asked by Mansfield to conceal the gun in the holdall Colin carried on the day he died. No fingerprints were found on the gun or fibres from either the bag or towel that Colin was found with. No gloves were found. An attempt to trace the gun ended in 1980 when it was sold by a farmer through the Carmarthen Journal. No tests were done in the station lobby to prove that the shooting took place there or marks found of the impact of the gun recoiling as it would in a suicide.

None of the 11 police officers who had given evidence by 13 June had made contemporaneous notes of the events of the night, of the sort normally used in court. The report of the police pathologist, Dr Peter Vanezis, had been altered at least twice, though he couldn't remember the occasions.

Dr Ian West, the pathologist called by the family, and Mansfield spent a long time in court on 13 June trying to work out a position from which Colin Roach could have shot the gun and still ended up against the wall in the position he was said to be in, with a towel on his lap. But after Dr West left, PC Jackson, the first on the scene, mentioned that he first saw the towel rolled on Colin's shoulder. When he saw the body a few minutes later, the towel had changed position, though he had not remembered this change in his statement.

Rosalind Bayley

Scots assemble

THE FACT that Scotland didn't vote Tory is already leading to renewed demands for the creation of a Scottish Assembly which might shelter the Scots from the worst of the Thatcherite blast. In the days following the election, the most prominent advocates of a distinctively Scottish response to its outcome have been a group of Labour MPs led by South Ayrshire's George Foulkes.

For the time being at least, the 'Parnell option' of Scottish MPs departing en masse from Westminster to set up shop in Edinburgh seems far-fetched. While it is true that only 28 per cent of Scottish votes went to the Tories, it cannot be assumed that the remaining 72 per cent who voted would favour a dra-

matic rupture with Westminster.

The first test of how far opposition parties are prepared to make common cause on the constitutional issue will come on 9 July. The all-party campaign for a Scottish Assembly has called an 'Agenda Conference' for that day, to look at the options open to them. All Scottish political parties and MPs have been invited. The campaign believes that they have a mandate to establish a Scottish constitutional convention to consider future relationships within the UK. They are also considering appeals to international courts and opinions.

Scottish secretary George Younger has brushed aside the suggestion that he has no mandate in Scotland, pointing out that by the same token Labour did not have a mandate in England between 1974-79 since their majority came from Scotland and Wales.

Labour is likely to be divided over Mr Foulkes's urgings that they should make common cause with the SNP, which did very badly in the election, and the Alliance, which now poses a clear threat to Labour's Scottish supremacy, to pursue constitutional reform.

The government cannot afford, however, to be too blasé. Public opinion could move sharply in the next couple of years. Resentment against the apparently permanent Tory majority in England is already substantial and, as unemployment and factory closures increase, could well become more powerful and articulate.

Brian Wilson

MISCELLANY

Losing a marble

Showing the generosity of spirit which has characterised its approach to the affair, the British Museum has made a concession in the battle for the Elgin Marbles. Brian Cooke, the Museum's Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, said at a reception in the Royal Institution last week that, under the pretext of a long-term loan, he would be prepared to return the fragment of a foot from metope 14. (The rest of the foot is in the Acro-

polis Museum.) There was just one condition: the fragment would be returned only if Greece were to withdraw its claim to the whole of the rest of the collection. Tiny as this concession may appear, it is the first time in 167 years that the BM has offered to return any part of the Elgin Marbles.

Press gang

On the day before the election, we rang Conservative Central Office to ask for a transcript of the previous night's Party Political Broadcast. Of course, said the helpful woman there, we'll put one in an envelope at once. Ten minutes later another woman from Central Office called us back. 'I believe you were asking about a transcript of last night's PPB,' she said, in a voice that could stop a hunt saboteur at a hundred paces. 'I'm afraid these are only available to newspapers and magazines who support the party. You will have to get it from the BBC.' We then rang the Tory press office to obtain further and better particulars of this intriguing new policy, but they denied all knowledge of it. Most odd.

By any other name (1)

Of course we don't want to give aid and comfort to those misguided souls who find Mrs Thatcher's delightful new Conservative MPs rather frightening. Nevertheless, it is our duty to inform you that Andrew Hunter, the schoolmaster who is now Tory MP for Basingstoke, used to be known to some of his pupils as 'Hitler'.

By any other name (2)

Talking of nicknames, most people know that our new Chancellor, Nigel Lawson, is also known as 'Nigel'. What is less well known is the much more apt nickname which he was given when he was a schoolboy. It is 'Smuggins'.

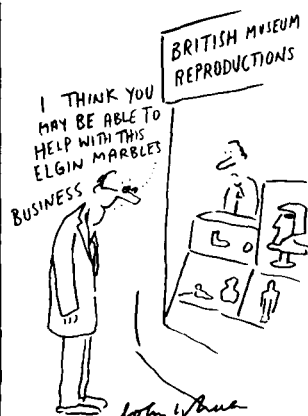
Thanks a lot

No one has yet pointed out quite how great an act of betrayal it was when, in the last week of the election campaign, the tit-and-bum *Daily Star* endorsed Mrs Thatcher. Two years ago, the *Star* was still trying to persuade people that it was a Labour paper despite the fact that it was owned by Lord Mat-

thews. To convince the doubters, it secured (free of charge) the services of one Michael Foot, who appeared in a series of advertisements saying that 'it's a good and great paper for the working man and woman'. Another own goal.

Knight train

When Sir Peter Parker leaves British Rail in September, one of his greatest consolations will be that he won't have to put up with any more lectures from Sir Alfred Sherman of the Centre for Policy Studies. The malodorous Sherman, who was knighted in last week's honours list, has taken to popping over to BR headquarters regularly to give Sir Peter the benefit of his wisdom. Since Sherman is universally known as Mrs Thatcher's guru, Sir Peter can hardly deny the man admission or have him thrown out by the commissionaires. Instead, he listens politely to the guru's monologue and then begs to differ. Undeterred, the guru returns a few weeks later to take up where he left off. And so it goes on. Sherman's main idea on transport is that Britain's railways should be ripped up and turned into roads.



CEGB sacks man who exposed plutonium link

IN AN extraordinary fit of pique on the eve of the election, the Central Electricity Generating Board sacked Ross Hesketh, one of its senior nuclear research physicists. Officially he had refused to move into a new job. Unofficially the physicist was making too many public statements about the connection between civilian and military nuclear activity.

For 24 years Hesketh has experimented for the CEGB on the critical materials that go to make up the core of a nuclear reactor. He has lived, remote from the world outside his laboratory, with his wife and four children in the seclusion of a tiny Gloucestershire village. The anti-nuclear power movement of the 1970s did not alter his conviction that nuclear power has a future. He still believes that. And like other scientists who joined the 1950s dream of 'electricity too cheap to meter' from nuclear power, he had always believed that Britain's nuclear power programme functioned independently of the nuclear weapons programme.

Two years ago he began to question this connection however. A diligent search through public documents and a few calculations convinced him that plutonium from British civilian nuclear power stations was ending up in American nuclear warheads. He believed that it was his duty as a scientist to tell the world what he had discovered, and he wrote a letter to *The Times*.

Hesketh learned that Britain had a 1959 barter agreement with the United States to swap American enriched uranium, which Britain wanted to power its nuclear submarines, for plutonium produced in Britain's nuclear power reactors. It was a very cosy deal, as the US Senate heard: 'This will benefit the United Kingdom by eliminating the need for that country to expend large sums of money for construction and operation of expensive diffusion plant (to produce enriched uranium) to fuel UK nuclear submarines. The United States will benefit by obtaining needed plutonium for its small weapons programme.'

Looking more closely at the terms of the agreement Hesketh found that it stipulated the exact amounts of each metal – of enriched uranium and plutonium – to be swapped, gramme by gramme. He then made an estimate of how much enriched uranium British subs would use on their ocean patrols and then calculated how much British plutonium would go to the United States in return. He suggested it might be in excess of four tons during the 1960s and early 1970s – the precise period when there was an enormous leap in the number of nuclear warheads

in the American arsenal, from about 15,000 to about 32,000.

Checking further, Hesketh noted that the 1959 agreement states: 'Except as may be otherwise agreed for civil uses . . . the materials or equipment transferred . . . shall be used by the recipient party exclusively for the preparation or implementation of defence plans . . .' Hesketh concluded: plutonium from British civil reactors had gone directly into American nuclear warheads.

The British government scoffed at the idea and there, one might have supposed, the matter could have rested. The CEGB was surely big enough and powerful enough to take care of a lone dissident voice in its ranks. But Hesketh's actions upset the Board more than he thought possible. Hesketh was summoned for a series of intimidating interviews with CEGB officials, who variously complained of his being a few minutes late for work and conduct unbecoming of an employee of the CEGB.

By the spring of this year, the Board was making such a fuss about Hesketh's personal crusade than anyone in doubt would have been convinced that they had something to hide.

Finally, the board told Hesketh that he must stop talking to the media and he should also sign a

piece of paper saying he had been misquoted by sloppy journalists. Hesketh refused to sign the 'confession', refused to be silenced and refused to accept what he saw as a proposed demotion the Board had in mind for him – stripping him of his responsibilities in a so-called reorganisation of his laboratory operation. None of these moves, the Board said, had anything to do with Hesketh's questioning of the plutonium exchanges and they fired him.

Hesketh will now be taking legal action for wrongful dismissal and while that grinds on a central question remains. Given that sacking nuclear dissidents (remember Oppenheimer and Sakharov) is a hazardous affair for management, why did the CEGB choose such an extreme measure for Hesketh? One clue lies in the May 1982 issue of an American publication, the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*. Correspondent Walter Patterson, an energy consultant, describes an encounter he had with Sir Walter Marshall, then chairman of the UK Atomic Energy Authority and now head of the CEGB.

Patterson appeared with Marshall on BBC *Woman's Hour* debating the future of nuclear power. Toward the end of the programme, Patterson was asked what he considered the most disturbing trend in the British nuclear industry. He said the proposed sale, announced in October 1981, of British plutonium to the Americans.

The Foreign Office had claimed that the plutonium, if sold, would

only be used for peaceful purposes, not as part of the new US weapons programme. Patterson pointed out that the Americans wanted the plutonium because their stocks of it were being depleted – by their expanding weapons programme. Even if the British plutonium did go into the 'peaceful' hopper, it was making plutonium already there available for warheads. The link between civil and military nuclear activity was unmistakable.

Patterson wrote in the *Bulletin*: 'I found myself taking the brunt of a furious onslaught by Walter Marshall. This took place in a BBC studio, before the astonished gaze of the staff . . . Marshall launched a tirade, denying any connection whatever between the sale . . . of British plutonium . . . and the US desire to reserve its domestic plutonium for weapons manufacture.'

As a postscript, Patterson noted that 'Chairman Marshall could not have been any happier' about Hesketh's original October 1981 letter to *The Times* on plutonium exchanges. It was, observed Patterson, a courageous letter. Hesketh had been brave enough to express an opinion 'widely shared within the (UK) civil nuclear community. The last thing the UK nuclear establishment needs is a fusion of the opposition, a joint attack on both civil and military nuclear programmes.'

The rest of that community may now be silenced by the treatment meted out to Hesketh.

Peter Pringle

Sinclair's road to glory

CLIVE SINCLAIR'S knighthood gives the royal seal of approval to the man, his business methods and to the UK domestic computer industry which he dominates. Sinclair Research Ltd appears to be the paradigm of the new industrial revolution in which inventive entrepreneurs, unhampered by the state, will make profits and restore employment to the dispossessed. Sir Clive has replaced Sir Freddie (knighted 1978) as the new Tory champion of free enterprise.

Sir Clive has, in fact, been strangely dependent on public money at various points in his business career. His previous company, Sinclair Radionics, launched a new product, the Black Watch, in 1976. All the functions of the watch were contained on a single chip, manufactured by ITT. But the problem with buying in all your components – for Sinclair's business method is not to employ workers himself to manufacture products – is that the suppliers can let you down. ITT did, Sinclair sued them, but the National Enterprise Board still had to bail Sinclair out. Sinclair then abandoned Sinclair Radionics to the NEB, with a pre-tax loss of



Tony Sleep

Sinclair: a Thatcher blue-eyed boy

£1.98 million for 1978, to set up his present company, Sinclair Research in July 1979.

He has taken public money into his new company. The National Research and Development Council has helped fund the development costs of Sinclair's new flat screen TV with an unrevealed sum, and the Scottish economic planning department is providing a £1.5 million grant for it, and Sinclair is receiving a £1.1 million grant under the Department of Industry regional development scheme.

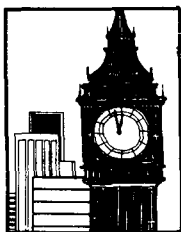
This, of course, does not detract from Sinclair's undoubted skill in devising new products for the consumer market. The UK market for home computers has been growing

at 200 per cent per year, and Sinclair has 60 per cent of it. Here again there can be a gulf between Sinclair's design ingenuity and his ability to deliver – though the gap in time can be profitable.

Last year, Sinclair advertised his new Spectrum computer in double page colour advertisements, promising four week delivery times. Enthusiasts sent in their money – and waited, many for more than 12 weeks. The Advertising Standards Authority claimed to have received a record number of complaints from customers about the delays and instructed the company to amend its advertisements. Sinclair did not, to the disapproval of the ASA. Instead he appeased his customers by including a £10 voucher which they could put towards the purchase of more of his products.

Sinclair's abandonment of the employer/employee relationship is at the heart of his political views – views which many Tories would be unhappy to be publicly associated with. He thinks that Britain will be a nation of designers and innovators, leaving the populous China and India to 'become the great producing nations.' As a consequence in Britain, 'trade unions will have withered, their purpose complete.'

Tom Foremski



PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Anatomy of a landslide

IF ANYTHING can be considered a certainty in British politics five years before it happens, there is one certain way to remove the Conservatives from power in 1988. However, the very reason that makes the strategy a sure-fire winner makes it, at the same time, impossible to implement.

Last Thursday's election revealed a clear anti-Tory majority. The Conservatives won 43.5 per cent of the vote, while Labour (28.2 per cent) and the Liberal/SDP Alliance (25.9) together achieved 10.6 per cent more than the Tories. Adding in the Welsh and Scottish Nationalist vote, the anti-Tory majority increased from 2.8 million in 1979 to 3.7 million last week.

Moreover, despite the slick professionalism of the Tory campaign, the party's support fell by 3½ per cent during the three weeks leading up to election day. Conservative support last Thursday was at, or near, its lowest point since the Falklands war.

Assuming – perhaps rashly – that nothing equivalent to the Falklands war occurs in 1986 or 1987, it is difficult to conceive Tory support holding up above 40 per cent at the next general election. However, while the anti-Tory vote remains divided, Mrs Thatcher could easily hold on to power. Never before has any party won a working majority in the Commons – let alone a landslide victory – with as small a share of the popular vote.* It could happen again.

The one certain strategy to prevent it would be some sort of electoral pact between Labour and the Liberal/SDP Alliance. In seat after seat last week the Conservatives scored 'gains' despite an actual decline in the Tory vote. The sole reason for their victories was the division of the anti-Tory vote. Most striking of all, Labour only recaptured ten

of the 24 'Labour' seats (applying the BBC/ITN's notional calculations of the 1979 results on the new boundaries) being defended by SDP defectors. Five were held by the SDP and nine won by the Conservatives.

Now, before accusations of defeatism and treachery fill the air, I should make it clear that I am *not* advocating an electoral pact. Indeed, the general political arguments against a pact are, and will remain, sufficiently potent in the real world of party conflict for a pact to be out of the question until and unless the political climate radically changes.

Yet it is worth looking at Labour's chances respectively with and without a pact, if only to clarify the meaning of last week's results, and measure the scale of the task Labour now faces if the party is to regain power next time.

LABOUR NOW has no seats south of a line from London to Bristol. The party has only 30 out of 260 seats south of a line from the Severn to the Wash. Excluding London the picture is more dismal still; just three Labour seats (Ipswich, Thurrock and Bristol South) out of 176. In 1945 more than one third of Labour's wins were in southern England; as recently as October 1974 more than a quarter. The share is now one in seven. Labour has lost 62 per cent of its seats in southern England in the past nine years, compared with a loss of just 25 per cent elsewhere.

Conversely, the Conservatives now have no MPs in Glasgow or Liverpool and just one in Manchester. In 1966, when the Conservatives *lost* the national election heavily, those cities still contrived to elect two Tory MPs each.

As the main table on this page shows, it is not simply a matter of the north-south divide growing deeper. Labour's share of the vote fell by more than the national average

in Leeds and Sheffield, while further south there was a modest swing from Conservative to Labour in Birmingham.

If there is any general geographical pattern to last week's election, it is of the Labour vote holding up relatively well in a line running north from Birmingham to Glasgow, while falling heavily – mainly to the benefit of the Liberal/SDP Alliance – in a semi-circular sweep from Yorkshire south to the home counties and south-east England, and west to South Wales. Of all the big cities, the biggest swing to the Conservatives occurred in Cardiff; while further west in Gower the winner of last autumn's by-election, Gareth Wardell, held this once impregnable Labour seat with a majority of just 1,205 over the Tory candidate.

The election, then, revealed two symmetrical truths about voting behaviour in the '80s. The first (and most obvious) is that no anti-Tory government can be formed without the Labour votes of the midlands and northern heartlands. For the Alliance to attempt to win power on its own – as it purported to be trying to do in the final fortnight of this past campaign – is wholly futile under Britain's present electoral system.

But the corollary of that conclusion is that Labour may find it impossible to win outright on its own either. The fact that Labour won nine times as many seats as the Alliance with only 700,000 more votes is partly a reflection of the party's continuing strength in its heartland seats. It also reflects something that looks appallingly like terminal collapse in its support in much of the rest of Britain.

In 1979 Labour lost most ground in a belt of seats to the east and north of London, especially where former Labour voting East Enders had left behind both their poverty and political allegiances and moved to prosperous new towns. That trend has continued – not only in those seats, but in almost all the towns that circle London at a distance of 30 to 70 miles. Last Thursday there were 13 seats in that belt that Labour needed to win; seven being defended by the party, according to the BBC/ITN calculations for 1979 (Basildon, Harlow, Herts West, Medway, Oxford East, Stevenage and Swindon) and six being defended by the Tories (Cambridge, Crawley, Dartford, Luton South, Milton Keynes and Welwyn Hatfield).

Last Thursday the Conservatives won all 13 seats. Indeed in only three (Basildon, Oxford East and Swindon) was the margin of victory less than 3,500. In the case of Basildon a Labour majority of more than 8,000 was converted by a ten per cent swing into a Tory majority of almost 1,400.

Voting figures for the 13 seats tell the grim story. In 1979 the two main parties were almost level pegging; Con 44 per cent, Lab 43 per cent, Lib 29 per cent. Last Thursday, the Conservative vote held steady at 44 per cent (in contrast with its slight decline in most other seats). Labour's vote fell by 14 points to 29 per cent – a four point greater decline than nationally. And the Alliance's share rose by 14 points to 26 per cent. In four seats Labour was driven into third place – Herts West (mainly

How the big cities voted

	CON		LAB		LIB/SDP		% Swing	% Unemployed April 1983
	%	Change since '79	%	Change since '79	%	Change since '79		
LIVERPOOL	29.3	-6.6	47.2	-1.8	22.8	+8.5	2.4 to LAB	19.0
GLASGOW	18.8	-7.3	52.0	-5.0	21.2	+15.9	1.2 to LAB	16.5
BIRMINGHAM	39.0	-5.3	42.3	-4.1	18.0	+10.4	0.6 to LAB	16.7
MANCHESTER	30.4	-4.5	50.3	-4.2	18.0	+8.8	0.2 to LAB	13.5
EDINBURGH	34.9	-4.3	30.7	-7.0	28.5	+16.0	1.4 to CON	11.0
SHEFFIELD	29.4	-2.4	44.2	-10.0	26.0	+12.9	3.8 to CON	14.6
LONDON	43.9	-2.1	29.7	-9.9	24.9	+13.0	3.9 to CON	9.6
BRISTOL	42.3	-0.8	33.1	-9.3	23.5	+10.6	4.3 to CON	10.8
LEEDS	34.8	-1.2	35.5	-10.8	28.6	+12.5	4.8 to CON	12.5
CARDIFF	40.6	-0.6	29.9	-12.4	27.2	+14.0	5.9 to CON	14.1

*To forestall challenges from purists, the Tories under Bonar Law won with just 38.2 per cent of the vote in 1922. But in that election 42 Tories were returned unopposed; this artificially deflated the Tory share.

Hemel Hempstead), Milton Keynes, Stevenage and Welwyn Hatfield). In each of these four cases the runner-up was a Social Democrat, not a Liberal. In these new town seats, three of which were Labour-held until 1979, Labour has now ceased even to be the main challenger to the Conservatives.

WHAT IS gloom for Labour is, of course, grist for the SDP, and more generally for the Alliance. It will doubtless form the basis for the claims of David Steel and David Owen in the coming months to lead the political movement that will replace Labour as the main non-Tory alternative in 1988.

The two Davids will be wrong, or at least highly optimistic. The table at the foot of this page shows the seats where Alliance candidates came second, and within ten per cent of the winning candidate. Had the Alliance won all 27 seats its representation would have risen from 23 to 50.

But look more closely at the table. It suggests that Liberal or SDP candidates will have a struggle to win many of these seats next time. Seven of the 13 SDP 'seconds' on the list were sitting MPs defending their seats. In most cases their personal following ensured an impressive increase on the 1979 Liberal 'base' vote; but the probability must now be that SDP support in these seats has peaked, and is more likely to decline rather than rise next time.

That leaves 14 potential Liberal and 6 potential SDP gains. But even among these 20 seats there will be problems. In some of the Liberals' best hopes the 'plateau' effect is clearly visible. We first dissected this phenomenon in our reports of the local elections a year ago; in general, the higher the Liberal starting point, the smaller the subsequent gain. This effect can be seen on the list in Richmond, Chelmsford, Hereford, Cornwall North and Southport. In Wiltshire North, one of the Liberals' very best hopes, Liberal support actually fell and Tory wet Richard Needham increased his majority.

In general, then, the nearer the Liberals get to winning, the harder it gets to capture the last three or four thousand votes. Had the Alliance won an extra six per cent of the national vote last week, taken equally from Labour and Conservative, the outcome in votes would have been: Con 41 per cent, Lab

How Britain voted (figures in percentages)

	All (100%)			Men (48%)			Women (52%)			TU members (25%)		
	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983
CON	37	45	44	32	43	42	39	47	46	23	33	31
LAB	40	38	28	43	40	31	38	35	26	55	51	39
LIB/SDP	19	14	26	18	13	25	20	15	27	16	13	29

	Upper/Middle class ABC 1 (41%)			Skilled working class C2 (30%)			Semi/Unskilled working class DE (29%)		
	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983
CON	56	59	55	26	41	40	22	34	33
LAB	19	24	16	49	41	32	57	49	41
LIB/SDP	21	15	28	20	15	26	16	13	24

	Age: 18-24 (13%)			25-34 (21%)			35-54 (32%)			55+ (34%)		
	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983	Oct '74	1979	1983
CON	24	42	42	33	43	40	34	46	44	42	47	47
LAB	42	41	33	38	38	29	42	35	26	40	38	27
LIB/SDP	27	12	22	24	15	29	20	16	27	14	13	24

25, Lib/SDP 32. The Alliance would have won two million more votes than Labour. But in terms of seats the probable outcome would have been: Con 385, Lab 206, Lib/SDP 30.

THE CENTRAL PROBLEM for the Alliance remains what it has always been: the fact that its support is evenly distributed among all classes. The table above shows how different groups of electors cast their votes last week. The analysis is provided by MORI, which aggregated its polls published during the election and weighted its findings to the result on the day. (MORI's final prediction, in the *London Standard*, achieved a polling record in getting each party's share right to the nearest percentage point.) Altogether MORI obtained the voting intention of 11,946 electors during the course of the campaign, so each of the sub-samples shown in the table is at least 1,500.

Support for the Alliance was within two per cent of 26 per cent in each of the three class groups, while support for Labour and Tory spanned a range of more than 20 per cent each. As long as Alliance support remains evenly distributed it is likely to have the capacity to deny Labour the seats the people's party needs for victory, without ensuring a breakthrough for the Alliance itself.

For Labour MORI's figures look as bleak

as an electoral map of the home counties. Among C2s – skilled workers and their dependants – the 11½ per cent swing to the Conservatives in 1979 was supplemented by a further four per cent swing last week. For the first time skilled workers are substantially more Tory than Labour.

For the first time, too, fewer than half the trade union members who voted chose Labour. In fact, anti-Labour trade unionists outvoted Labour trade unionists by three-to-two. Among white collar trade union members Labour is now in third place, with 27 per cent support, behind both Conservatives (38) and the Alliance (33). Even among blue-collar trade unionists, Labour's level of support, 46 per cent, is less than whole-hearted.

Labour's strongest support occurs among working-class council tenants – 24 per cent of the electorate. Here Labour has 49 per cent support, compared with 24 per cent each for the Conservatives and the Alliance. But among home-owning working-class voters – 28 per cent of the electorate and rising – the Labour/Tory shares are reversed: Conservative 47 per cent, Labour and Alliance 26 per cent each. Those new town disasters for Labour may have provided the most unpleasant shocks of a dreadful election: but unless Labour radically alters its electoral appeal, they could be harbingers of a yet gloomier future. □

Alliance close shaves

Seats where Alliance came within 10 per cent of winning

Seat	Winner	Second	Margin (%)	Increase in Lib/SDP share (%)					
Richmond & Barnes	Con	Lib	0.2	5.3	Crosby	Con	SDP*	5.3	27.4
Chelmsford	Con	Lib	0.6	5.4	Norfolk North West	Con	SDP*	5.9	27.6
Islington South	Lab	SDP*	1.0	26.7	Fife North East	Con	Lib	5.9	14.0
Edinburgh West	Con	Lib	1.1	17.6	Strathkelvin & Bearsden	Con	Lib	7.7	18.5
Erith & Crayford	Con	SDP*	2.2	25.4	Blyth Valley	Lab	SDP	7.7	26.0
Sheffield Hillsborough	Lab	Lib	2.8	15.1	Edinburgh South	Con	SDP	8.2	12.4
Renfrew West & Inverclyde	Con	SDP*	3.2	11.2	Cardiff Central	Con	Lib	8.9	18.5
Stevenage	Con	SDP	3.3	23.9	East Kilbride	Lab	SDP	9.2	27.9
Clwyd South West	Con	SDP*	3.6	9.3	Cornwall North	Con	Lib	9.4	0.6
Durham	Lab	SDP	4.0	19.1	Cheltenham	Con	Lib	9.6	12.4
Hazel Grove	Con	Lib	4.1	14.5	Twickenham	Con	Lib	9.6	12.7
Hereford	Con	Lib	4.7	6.0	Pudsey	Con	Lib	9.9	8.3
					Southport	Con	Lib	9.9	2.5
					Edinburgh Pentlands	Con	SDP	9.9	15.7
					Southampton Itchen	Con	SDP*	10.0	21.0

* Seat defended by sitting SDP MP

The dangerous dream

**From Suez to the Falklands, our rulers have claimed to keep the 'Great' in Britain.
Anthony Barnett puts the case for its permanent removal**

LAST YEAR, when Margaret Thatcher went to the House of Commons to announce the news of Argentina's surrender in the Falkland Islands, she told the crowd in Downing Street: 'Today has put the Great back into Britain.'

How has greatness been put back here in Britain? When did it drop away? What happened to it in the meanwhile? At the time it was easy to understand, or rather to sense what she was doing. She was telling us to feel that Britain is once again a great power. She was inviting us to share a tingling sensation of triumph about British superiority.

People responded with enthusiasm to this rallying cry. Others, perhaps a majority, had a somewhat different reaction. They scoffed at the phrase — they saw it was ridiculous — and yet at the same time their chests swelled a bit with pride. They even smiled at their own reaction as they saw that they too were a little ridiculous. Thus the phrase, like the whole Falklands episode, drew on all sorts of sentiments about British power and skill, and even desire for well being.

It seems to me that there is more to Thatcher's phrase than enjoyable rhetoric. She really means it: it was a spontaneous, sincere expression of her views, her hopes, indeed of her programme for Britain. And this has consequences which may make people in Britain not only poorer but also more twisted and resentful. Behind the notion of making Britain great again lies the well worn question of Britain's decline. Margaret Thatcher sees Britain's decline politically, rather than in terms of the jobs and production that effect our lives so directly. She has praised Victorian ideals. That was the time of British imperialism, when the Empire was the world's number one power. In her Falklands victory speech last year, the Prime Minister pointed to those who 'believed that our decline was irreversible — that we could never again be what we once were'; such people, in her words, thought that 'Britain was no longer the nation that had built an Empire and ruled a quarter of the world.' The Falklands victory, she continued, shows that they were wrong. 'The lesson of the Falklands,' and these are her words, 'is that Britain has not changed.' Well, whatever may have remained the same within the United Kingdom, a good deal has changed in the world at large.

For a start, Britannia no longer rules the waves. At the beginning of this century the Royal Navy was twice the size of its nearest rival. Today, the two carriers — the *Hermes* and the *Invincible* — that were sent to the Falklands would together fit inside any of

This article is the edited text of an Opinions programme shown on Channel 4 on 16 June. Although broadcast yesterday, it was recorded before the election was declared. The campaign provided more evidence for the argument that all parties share a fantasy of national greatness.

The Alliance captured the straining for greatness best of all. Its manifesto stated: 'We yearn for a world role and are qualified by our history and experience to perform one'. Perhaps no other single word more aptly sums up its politics than 'yearning'.

Labour was confused about Britain's global role. In some interviews Michael Foot argued that the UK would lead the world to disarmament. At the start of the campaign he declared that Britain is 'a nation which built an Empire and then generously gave it away'. Apparently he wanted such generosity to continue.

For her part Thatcher evoked British history as a chain of people, 'linked by a common belief in freedom and in Britain's greatness'. On television, the final Conservative election broadcast began: 'Less than five years ago, we in Britain no longer believed we still had any right to think of ourselves as a world leader. But that has changed. Because of one woman...' Then the Prime Minister herself came on to assure us that 'If only we have the wisdom and will to grasp the opportunities, Britain can become a world leader once again'. From the Mail to the Sun, her press chorus reverberated to the same theme: Thatcher's leadership will take us back to national greatness.

America's larger aircraft carriers, and the United States has fifteen such ships.

Similarly in 1900 Britain produced 20 per cent, one fifth of the whole world's manufactured products. Today it makes about three per cent.

I don't emphasise these facts in any partisan sense. The Prime Minister's dreams may be illusory, but she is far from being the only sleep-walker in the House of Commons. Actually Thatcher should be congratulated for being so explicit. She at least is resolutely backward looking. The others are inclined to a politics of reminiscence. Michael Foot looks to 1945. The Social Democrats — being much the most modern — are inclined towards 1955, with perhaps a touch of '68. Little wonder that many find it refreshing when Margaret Thatcher has the boldness to set her sights on 1900.

More important still, every time that the Prime Minister lauds British greatness, she speaks also for her predecessors from both parties. She sums up in her phrase the entire direction of British government since World War Two.

IN 1945 THE Labour Party took office with a large majority. Its Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, proclaimed that it would be a government '... at the centre of a great Empire and Commonwealth of nations which touches all parts of the world'. He was the master builder at the time. The architect was Churchill even though he was in opposition. In 1948 Churchill described the three overlapping circles of British interest: the English speaking North Atlantic community, the Empire and Commonwealth that stretched around the globe, and Europe with its Mediterranean. In Churchill's words, Britain alone stands at the juncture of all three, and keeps them together. Like Churchill's paintings, this is a colourful, post-impressionist fantasy. Yet it remains to this day the governing image of British Foreign policy.

When Churchill took office again as Prime Minister in 1951, he declared: 'We have to cast away by an effort of will the enfeebling tendencies and fallacies of Socialism and to free ourselves from restrictive Socialist rule, to stand erect once more and take our place among the great powers of the world. Never must we lose our faith and our courage, never must we fail in exertion and resolve.' It was pretty silly then: how much more so now.

Churchill's chosen successor was Anthony Eden. During the war Eden had told the Cabinet, 'We have to maintain our position as an Empire and a Commonwealth. If we fail to do so we cannot exist as a world power.' As Prime Minister, he was to order the invasion of Suez in 1956 in an effort to secure this goal, and it was a fiasco.

But even so, Harold Macmillan, who took over from Eden, still pretended that Britain was one of the 'Big Three'. When Dean Acheson — a much celebrated American Secretary of State — said that Britain had lost an Empire but had yet to find a role, he was publicly rebuked by Macmillan. Acheson's observation was a truism. Yet our Prime Minister felt obliged to condemn it. In general, it was Macmillan's view that Britain was Greece to America's Rome.

Douglas-Home followed Macmillan; he was the fourth successive Tory Prime Minister. He summed up his own view when he justified retaining nuclear weapons. We have to have them, Home said, in order to 'keep Britain's place at the top table'.

Labour came back to office in 1964. It was supposed to be a modernising administration. But Harold Wilson put his attitude in a nutshell: 'We are a world power and a world influence or we are nothing.' Nothing?

It might be thought that at least Edward Heath modernised British policy, even if Wilson didn't. And it is true that Heath changed something. In Churchill's perspective of the three circles America came first and Europe last. Heath reversed these priorities. But he did so within the same pre-occupation. We have to get into Europe, said Heath, 'if we want to remain Great Britain and take the chance of becoming Greater Britain.'

Perhaps we should pass over the rest of the seventies with a decent silence. I have done enough to show that Thatcher's celebration of the Empire and British greatness is not exceptional, rather it expresses the desire of all post-war Prime Ministers. For them, the key problem of Britain's decline has not been the relative impoverishment of our standard of life, but the need to 'stay great'. They would rather dine at top table on their knees – while being fed scraps from US armament programmes – than sit in suitable, and quite substantial comfort with the ordinary countries of the world.

Wilson's knees were slippery and they shook. Thatcher's are cast in iron and she kneels bolt upright. To emphasise how much they have in common we need only look to another authority; Lord Franks: he who was brought forth to investigate the causes of the Falklands War and found that no government had done anything for which it should be criticised; the man whom *The Times* recently declared would be our President if we did not happen to have a Queen. When he gave his 1954 Reith Lectures, Franks thought that the Commonwealth 'enables us to play in the big league with the Great Powers'. But more than that, he emphasised the fundamental party consensus that guided foreign and economic policy in Britain after 1945. Both parties shared the same fundamental national principle – or as I would say delusion – namely: 'Britain is going to continue to be what she has been, a Great Power.'

THIRTY YEARS LATER we know that it did not work. But today there is still a deep-seated reluctance to confront this and widespread uncertainty over what should be done next. Let me give you an example. When the *Guardian* published an extract from my book, in which I criticise the Falklands war, a gentleman was kind enough to write to me to explain that for his part he agreed with a statement by Nigel Lawson, the then Energy Minister, whom I had quoted. Lawson said that the Falklands victory meant the re-birth of Britain, a sentiment I regard as absurd. My correspondent explained that he was not and had never been a Conservative. But he was heartily sick of our apparent decline and inability to defend our interests, including our standard of living: 'when Argentina invaded the Falklands the time had come to call enough is enough.' I responded, and tried to say that on the contrary I thought the dispatch of the Task Force to be merely one more wasteful episode in the same old story. He replied with courtesy: 'I fear you are right that it will not stop this country's decline, I wish I knew what would.'

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Double page spread from the Sun, 25 May 1982

I have told you about this small exchange because of those last words. The sigh that they express, the desire for something lost: 'I wish I knew what would.' Is this just imperialist nostalgia? For some certainly. But for many others there is also a sympathetic element, a grieving for a time when workmanship and substance and economic growth were part of this island's life. And when people assert – and it was not only Thatcher – that today 'we have put the Great back into Britain', they exploit these often confused and well meaning desires, in order to gain endorsement for a bullying and despicable grandeur that has no real substance.

My response is to say, 'It is time to take the great out of Britain.' In answer to my correspondent, I'd now put it like this: it is only by taking the great out of Britain that we can reverse Britain's decline. If that sounds like a paradox it is because of the need to make a distinction between two types of decline, a distinction rarely made in the many tedious speeches and books turned out upon the question. The two have gone on side by side, the one from being a great power, the other from being a competitive manufacturing economy. However, as I see it, there is also a relationship between them.

First, the fall from Empire and Great Power status. This was not due to any internal failure of will or spirit here at home. It was simply an inevitable consequence of the rest of the world catching up. It is obvious that when states the size of America and the Soviet Union get going, with all their resources and population, that Britain cannot equal them. Hence the ridiculousness of Lord Franks' idea that we can 'play in the same league' as these continental powers. In the hierarchy of world power, Britain was bound by now to be a second rank – if still a substantial – nation state. In so far as there has been a loss of nerve, it has stemmed from the inability to confront this and genuinely accept it, and to transform our institutions accordingly.

The consequence of this failure is that the United Kingdom has in addition sunk into

being a relatively impoverished country compared to its equivalents in Western Europe. This is the second but this time unnecessary decline. It can be illustrated quite simply. At the start of the 1950s Winston Churchill warned the country against joining Europe. He said that we had to protect our superior standard of living. There ought to be a principle of levelling up, he argued, not levelling down. He meant that they on the continent had to come up to us and that we should not allow ourselves to be taken down to their, lower, standard of life. Today, however, the standard of living in West Germany and France is substantially higher than Britain's. It is difficult to generalise, but it is perhaps even a quarter to half as good again.

There is no need to exaggerate. We have not gone back to the thirties. Real wages have risen steadily in the past decades. Quite a few people are doing very well. But given the position Britain had in 1950, there is no doubt that it could have done much better economically.

Why the failure? Because politically we, I would prefer to say 'they', tried to do too much. The country would have been better off had it not been for futile attempts to remain a Great Power. This is, if you like, a decisive cause of the British disease. It follows that the Falklands war is not, as Thatcher claims, the cure for decline but rather a symptom that the disease has reached a new stage: delirium.

Should I speak so harshly about the Falklands? What about feelings of the bereaved families and the need to respect the dead? Indeed, we must show consideration here. But we also have a responsibility to the living and to those who may die as the conflict continues. There is more than enough experience here from Cyprus to Ireland. Ever since the Second World War, Britain has been trying to have its cake and eat it, something symbolised for me by Churchill's three circles.

It is usually said that Britain has adapted painlessly to the loss of Empire. This is not true. It has been agony, especially for our

rulers. The Labour Party has suffered from it acutely. For example, when Harold Wilson led Labour back to power in 1964, he had a programme to galvanise the British economy. But he sacrificed it in order to save the pound from devaluation, in a hopeless effort to keep high the value of sterling as a *world* trading currency. It was a catastrophic misjudgement. Wilson destroyed what was possible – British participation in the boom years of expansion – in an effort to do something impossible, in which, naturally, he failed. Crossman captured this in a diary entry from 1967. He noted that Labour's foreign policy was 'totally ineffective' due to the fact that Wilson based it 'on an image of himself as a maker of world policy'.

However, we can't just blame Labour for having policies which were so very Conservative. It was Churchill who established the lines of approach after 1945. It was the Conservatives themselves who, when the Common Market was formed, failed completely to see the necessity for membership when the advantages were overwhelming, providing you were reconciled to abandoning fantasies about 'imperial greatness'.

Now we have seen a fantastic repeat of this lopsided approach to our affairs. Last year thousands of millions of pounds were spent to save a community of 1,400 Falklanders. In the process Britain sacrificed hundreds of dead and maimed and thereby committed itself to the costs of retaining a deep water navy with a global reach. In the same year 600,000 men and women were thrown out of work, which means that dozens of communities the size of Port Stanley were devastated here in the United Kingdom. A fraction of the wealth invested in the Task Force could have kept many of them productive. Yet we are told that we can do nothing about such things: No subsidies here because, the government tells us, we must take the State off our backs.

What is the result? £16,000 million pounds a year are now being spent on paying out dole money – the most wasteful and humiliating form of subsidy that there is.

We should try to be clear about this. There have certainly been many jobs in structurally obsolete plants and mines that have had to go, with due compensation to those involved. This is a human tragedy. Yet who can deny that some of our local economies have become hopelessly anachronistic in today's world? One such is the Falklands Islands with its declining sheep farms.

But it is far from being the case that all the recent manufacturing centres which have closed in Britain have been Port Stanleys. Many companies needed only a lower rate of interest on their normal overdrafts to be viable (for they had orders at hand). Purposive support, cheaper than the Armada, could have kept many in business. You can see the irrationality, it is obvious. It used to be possible to satirise such foolishness, but now the bitterness and hurt is itself becoming too grotesque to laugh at. Furthermore, this contrast is far from being the only or even the most important imbalance between national needs and international obsessions.

New.Statesman 17 June 1983

Sums of money far vaster than those spent on the Falklands adventure flow abroad to be invested overseas. It is government policy to back the financial markets rooted in the City's long standing commitment to its world role.

So if you, or anyone in your family, or among your friends, or their children, are unwaged, then they are part of the price ticket for making Britain great again. How does the rip-off work? It is not just due to the popularity and charisma of the Prime Minister, although apparently that helps.

There is also the weakness of the opposition. Michael Foot wants to take Britain out of the Common Market, and combines his little Englandism with applause for the dispatch of the Task Force because we must defend people's freedoms 'throughout the world'. His is a benign version of British Greatness. I do not blame Foot any more than Thatcher. It is the shared presumption of the institutional world that they cohabit which provides the encouragement for their views.

AS A SOCIALIST I have perhaps an especially radical distance from Britain's very backward looking institutions. I want to see a socialist democracy in which not only would we all have jobs but also we would have an effective say in what we do and make. There would be obligations to the community but we would be liberated from the dictation of multinational companies and state bureaucracies alike. Such a democracy is clearly inconceivable without a different sort of national sovereignty.

But it is also the case, or so it seems to me, that an effective and dynamic capitalism which delivers jobs and wealth here at home at least equal to that in Europe is unlikely to come about until the national political order is shaken from the legacy of the nineteenth century. Even as a socialist I can see the need for a better capitalism.

Just imagine: we have the chance to suggest to our political leaders what they might do. So we say to them, 'please put aside everything else and lead the way to our achieving by the year 2000 the standard of living of Holland, which also once ruled a major Empire.' This would mean nearly doubling per capita gross national product in 17 years, a major undertaking. It is not difficult to imagine their response to such a request. 'Holland,' they would say, aghast. 'But we are *world* leaders. We concern ourselves with the fate of Gibraltar and Hong Kong. We must deter the Soviet Union. Our national essence goes far beyond the confines of a miserable north European state'. Or, as a journal of British conservatism recently put it, we have discovered that our foreign policy in the south Atlantic has an overwhelming importance compared to the 'pettifogging debate of economists'.

You are not convinced? I'll be more theoretical. What should be the guiding principle of foreign policy for any state? In general to provide for and protect the happiness, the freedoms, the peacefulness and the economic well-being of its inhabitants: to ensure in the fullest sense the creative self-determination of its people. Yet it is

surprising how rarely this note is struck by British statesmen. For them Foreign Policy involves big, strategic questions, on a far grander canvas than this 'small island'.

For that is how they see us. Lord Franks made it clear enough. He wrote that there was no need to argue about being committed to Britain's continuing greatness. For 'what is this small island with its fifty million inhabitants if it tries to go it alone?' We should have to be an off-shore island of Europe, a prospect he found intolerable.

'What is this *small island*?' this note of contempt, almost denigration, can be found repeatedly in talks about Britain by its own appointed representatives. It is not a judgement of realism, it is rather the premiss for saying that Britain is insufficient for their own personal greatness.

What is this small island? Well, it is a very pleasant one. It is off Europe, a part of Europe. It has over fifty million inhabitants: us. We are quite a substantial and convenient number, English, both white and black, Scots and Welsh but with many other variations of regions and creeds. For whom is this not good enough?

The answer is that it is not good enough for those who look elsewhere to see the proof of British worth and Britain's world standing. And they are at the helm. And while they are at the helm and are set upon a course that steers for greatness, then what is good in Britain stands condemned.

Perhaps you nod your head in agreement. But what we have learnt in the past year is that this obsession with greatness is deeply rooted in a great machinery of tradition and interests. To take the Great out of Britain is much easier said than done. All the more reason then to do it. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ Suggestions for boosting the holiday trade in Christchurch flew thick and fast at a meeting of the town's tourism group. Pole-vaulting over the river, a bell-ringing competition, a medieval street party and a pantomime horse parade were just some of the ideas mooted. – *Christchurch Advertiser* (P. K. Long)

□ Amos the parrot has returned home after living rough in the Devon countryside for nine months. But his owner, Mrs Mary Westlake of Sheldon, complained, 'His character has completely changed. He doesn't like watching "Crossroads" any more.' – *Daily Telegraph* (Mitchell Sandler)

□ Only the SDP, however, has a real policy for 'positive discrimination' to help women. On any constituency shortlist of six people there must be two women and two men. – *Sunday Telegraph* (J. J. Maling)

□ More top hats and tail coats are being hired for Ascot this year than for a long while. And for the end-of-term balls at Oxford and Cambridge the young men are starting to wear full evening dress again. Good. Taking the trouble to dress well on ceremonial occasions is a sign of civilisation. When Chinese officials began to wear the equivalent of Savile Row-tailored Mao jackets, made of silk, the world knew that the cultural revolution was over and sanity had returned. – *Leader in Daily Mail* (J. R. Soames)

Rallying forces

Amrit Wilson on new developments in the strike at Aire Valley Yarns

WHILE THE LABOUR Party discusses its strategies for combatting Thatcherism, a strike of Asian workers at a spinning mill in West Yorkshire is leading to methods of struggle which may well be crucially significant for the labour movement.

On Saturday 18 June, the 13-week-old strike at Aire Valley Yarns is to see its first mass rally outside the gates of the mill. It has been called not by the union (the TGWU), shackled as it is by 'Tebbit's law', but by the workers' support committee, which is based in Bradford's Asian community.

The strikers at Aire Valley Yarns (see NS 22 April) are demanding union recognition and the reinstatement of all workers (including their shop steward, Liaquat Ali) who were sacked in the course of the dispute.

They wanted the union, in the first place, to be able to change their appalling working conditions and low wages (£1.02 per hour). They claim that, at Aire Valley, textile carding machines (which are known to cause nearly a quarter of all textile industry accidents) have no effective guards; that spinning machines, which run at up to 500 miles per hour, have loose brakes and have to be stopped by hand or foot; that there are no gauze masks against the heavy wool dust and that this has led to damaged eyesight and chronic chest ailments. Overtime is compulsory and workers have to do 60-70 hours a week in 12-hour shifts.

Aire Valley Yarns was set up in 1978 with £4,500 capital and, by 1982, had a turnover of £3/4 million. It is one of a large group of similar firms springing up among the amalgamations and closures of West Yorkshire's wool textile industry — symptoms of the worst of a series of crises in the history of Britain's wool textile industry.

The first of this series occurred in the post-war years when, faced with obsolete machinery and a comparatively well organised labour force, the textile firms tried to save themselves by drastically cutting labour costs and investing, instead, in new machinery. For cheap labour they turned to the Indian sub-continent, where colonialism had ensured an army of unemployed workers. The men who arrived were paid the lowest possible wages. They accepted because they had no choice and were, as yet, unorganised. The new machinery on which they worked had to be used round the clock to be worthwhile. Gradually, a pattern was established which persists even today —

Asian men working 12-hour shifts at night and white women working in the daytime. It has led to a situation where Asian men have worked for 30 years in the same jobs with no chance of learning new skills. Union organisation, where it has existed, has also followed this pattern, with workers segregated not only into day and night shifts, but into a hierarchy of white craft workers and black unskilled workers, with manual work in warehouses or non-manual supervisory work being done almost entirely by white men.

These attempts to resuscitate the textile industry did not work for long. By the early 1970s, the decline (in the form of job losses) had started again. It wasn't just an early effect of the worldwide recession — as *Race Today* (March/April) points out, while the total number of direct production workers in wool textiles declined from 96,000 in 1970 to 37,000 in 1980, the textile industry undertook a massive £110 million investment programme of which nearly a quarter was public money from the Wool Textile Scheme of Assistance. This programme led, among other things, to the installation of 'new technology', which itself was a major cause of redundancies. The decline in output and loss of jobs continued, ascribed variously to the recession, to consumer preference for synthetic fibres and to imported textiles (although exports still outweigh imports by far, making import cutbacks an unlikely remedy).

WHILE OUTPUT PER worker actually rose, total output since 1973 has fallen by more than 30 per cent. As the Leeds Trade Union and Community Resource and Information Centre commented, in their Wool Textiles Supplement in 1980, 'One thing is clear: despite sizeable handouts from the government . . . and sacrifices of the work force in terms of redundancies and low wages, those who run the industry have failed manifestly to halt the decline.'

While the workforce was reduced, the textile trade unions (the National Union of Dyers and Bleachers, for example, which is now a section of the TGWU) did not even fight for an increased wage for the em-

ployees who remained. Peter Booth, of the NUDB (now the official involved with the Aire Valley Yarns strike) told Ralph Fevre, a researcher from Bradford College, 'We're just as good as our inheritance, the Luddites. If you are Luddites you lose their jobs. We must fight for a future for the industry . . . and encourage the employers to do that too.' With this background — one in which the unions have apparently forgotten how to fight for workers — the strike at Aire Valley Yarns is literally historic. When workers walked out on 14 March (over the sacking of their shop steward, Liaquat Ali, who had tried to organise the trade union branch), it was the start of the first strike in the wool textile industry for 50 years. The TGWU quickly made the strike official, but the management refused to negotiate, claiming that Ali had been sacked because the firm needed redundancies and the other workers had been sacked for not returning to work without him. Ali's case for unfair dismissal is due to come up before an industrial tribunal this week.

The AVY strike has some obvious similarities with the Grunwick dispute of the late '70s — particularly in terms of the sweatshop conditions and the management methods. The management have got their agents to recruit scabs by knocking on people's doors and offering them jobs. It is not difficult to find people who need jobs in Bradford — only 29 per cent of Asian youth there is in full-time employment. The scabs have been driven to work in management cars. As in the Grunwick dispute, the strikers have received threatening telephone calls from anonymous callers. The police have also been out in strength — as many as six transit vans, full of West Yorkshire's Taskforce, have been present during changes of shift. As management cars hurtle through the picket line, the police have told strikers to move aside or 'you will get run down'.

The strikers at AVY have attracted a wide range of support — branches of various unions have sent them donations; health workers at Leeds have lent them a caravan and, at Busfields, a nearby dyeing and finishing firm, workers have refused to handle material from Atlantic Yarns, part-owned by the directors of AVY. In addition, there are community based support committees in Bradford and Manchester which hold regular meetings, inform and mobilise the community, try to stop scabbing and campaign for the workers.

If Aire Valley Yarns is poised to become the Grunwick of 1983, it is these support committees that will make an important difference. Their activities show that at AVY (much more than at Grunwick) the strikers have the active support of the working-class community, including that growing section of it which is unemployed. If AVY is the typical firm of the depression, what happens in the struggle there is important for everyone looking for methods of trade union action in the face of mass unemployment and anti-trade union laws. ☐

The mass rally in support of the AVY strikers will take place on Saturday 18 June. Assemble 3pm, Coal Hill Lane, Farsley, Pudsey, W. Yorks.

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Rout of the Tory 'wets'

Last week Keith Middlemas described how corporatism has crumbled under Mrs Thatcher. In this second article he analyses why moderate Toryism lost its battle

THE 'WETS' (to use shorthand) failed, even though many in the party felt the attraction of their belief in consensus rather than conflict, and their appeal to the tripartite and one-nation traditions of Butler and Macmillan. Though a substantial minority in cabinet, they never combined; their main success occurred in the form of incremental resistances to the public expenditure review during 1980. They underrated Mrs Thatcher's ability to use cabinet procedure, the Cabinet Office and the Prime Minister's prerogative and patronage.

Jim Prior's defence of the 'wet' position at Employment and his temperate 1980 Act represented no real threat to the power base of Treasury ministers, because, although trade union legislation mattered greatly in the long run, the details of how to reverse changes in the balance of power between unions and management were, as yet, too problematic. It may actually have suited the hardliners to take two or more stages, waiting for public opinion to clarify, while keeping the TUC uncertain whether to try to amend proposals, or to fight them *à l'outrance* from outside. It was not part of the calculation that unemployment should go on rising, only that wage settlements should fall; but equally, in the end, it was only Treasury policy that mattered, not Employment, nor indeed Industry, where Keith Joseph had, perforce, to surrender much of the anti-interventionist argument.

The internal opposition could win old fashioned pluralistic bargaining set-tos with the Treasury, but it had no defence (unless it had concerted resignation in advance) against the 1981 Budget, a *diktat* intended to reinforce the message diluted the year before, and, perhaps, to put its members personally on the spot. It fought back once more, in the summer of 1981, when the Prime Minister found herself in a minority in Cabinet – an event which, paradoxically, led to the wets' undoing; for, as Whitelaw subsequently pointed out, whereas the Chancellor can legitimately be put in baulk, the Prime Minister must not, or leadership ceases.

This pyrrhic victory led to the dismissal or relegation of the 'wets' and the establishment, under Cecil Parkinson, of an authority over the party and backbenchers, aided by the judicious use of preferment, which has not since been challenged. Fortunately, in 1982, the Falklands campaign swept away a Foreign Office team which might have represented a constraint. That the 'wets' could find no better alternative candidate in 1981 than Geoffrey Rippon, or,

since, muster any substantial number of backbenchers, indicates how tenuous their existence had become.

The City (again to use shorthand) could hardly have been expected to oppose a government which has upheld the virtues of sound currency as no other since the 1944 White Paper declared against long-term deficit financing (although Jenkins and Healey had their hours). Disagreement occurred only on the margins, about the degree of support for ailing industry and whether government should assist or provide guarantees; or whether state industries' capital investment should be counted as part of the public sector borrowing requirement (PSBR). Ructions have happened: the Governor of the Bank was a hero to ministers in 1979, when his qualifications about control of money supply were perhaps not fully understood; yet he was savaged for failure after the banking 'corset' had been removed. Now, harmony rules, though it is unclear whether the Bank has taken the lead, or whether government (by overfunding gilts, to the further detriment of industrial borrowing in order to bring money supply under some sort of control) has done so. Government may even approve of City institutions' tentative moves towards restructuring industrial companies, as representing the sort of relationship between sectors of the economy that should occur, but without state intervention.

IT WOULD BE EASY to highlight the controversies between industry and government over exchange and interest rates and the National Insurance surcharge. The government has not, in public, been kind to the CBI as a lobby for industry, as the aftermath of the CBI's anguished 1980 Conference and Sir Terence Beckett's 'bare knuckles' speech showed. Yet a 2 per cent cut in interest rates followed; CBI lobbying in 1981/82 brought some reduction in the surcharge and concessions on energy pricing to large consumers. Whereas the CBI's pamphlet *The Will to Win* (1982) can be read as severe criticism, particularly of the level of unemployment, it is noticeable that the exchange rate (one of the main points at issue) has fallen sharply since and that, more recently, the CBI (in public or in NEDC), though at times aligned with the TUC, has not again come out in open opposition.

The CBI represents a complex range of interests, each affected in different degrees by government policy and the recession. (Most engineering firms' exports, for example, held up remarkably well when the pound stood at \$2.40.) Speaking for 'indus-

try' has always been hard (in contrast to the more ideologically-coherent TUC) for the CBI ranges from large, often multinational corporations to small businesses, from declining manufacturers to profitable services. Nevertheless, at least in the last two years, it has been able to articulate the feeling that, on balance (and certainly in contrast to the Labour alternative of massive reflation and public spending), continuity of monetary policy, the effects on wages, and the DoI's industrial policy, particularly towards new technology, are fundamentally in the interests of British industry.

The government has certainly not disfavoured industry as a political entity. Judicious concessions have taken the sting out of its public disavowal of corporate political power. Without delivering on all the employers' organisations' shopping list of legislative reform, the government has listened to the CBI and EEF, and many hawkish proposals advocated by the Institute of Directors (such as ballots before strikes, outlawing the closed shop, or withdrawal of immunities) seem unlikely ever to be enacted. Ministers have given the access that matters, rather than the formalities of tripartism. Yet it is doubtful if industry has kept its side of the bargain that the government's whole 'supply-side' policy envisaged: investment rates have declined, catastrophically; restrictive practices and the old cartel mentality remain endemic in many trade associations; entrepreneurs have been less than enthusiastic to take up small business incentives, or to buy into less obviously profitable state industry. Government has not pushed exposure of industry to international competition anywhere near the limits predicted in 1979.

IF MINISTERS have, tacitly, recognised the residual power of industry, and a measure of interdependence between it and the State, they have taken full advantage of the trade unions' dilemma. As Mrs Thatcher recently said (*Sunday Times*, 1 May 1983): 'There's nothing wrong with trade unionism but I don't think that the unions should be considered a sort of Fourth Estate of the Realm.'

In this new political market, unions become the 'means of communication' on the shop floor, detached from the State and, preferably, from direct association with the Labour Party. These views were, of course, explicit long before 1979 (and there is a line of argument among many employers, about participation and works' councils, which would bring in non-trades unionists and the



The Scotsman

Jim Prior and the other 'wets' were hopelessly hemmed in by the Prime Minister's use of prerogative, patronage and cabinet procedure

cross-union element in the work-place, to the detriment of union claims to representativity, which probably stems from the Bullock Report). Being unencumbered by an overt wages policy, or a tripartite framework of reference, the government's political market philosophy has not been deflected by defeat. Indeed, the record of individual unions victories or concessions since 1979 suggests (in common with most European union federations) an accumulation of discontinuities and sectional weaknesses, rather than solidarity.

That government had a scheme so obviously to divide and rule seems unlikely. But the trade union movement, debilitated by internal changes and severe exposure to labour market forces, dependent on a fragmented and ineffective Labour Party, has been hard put to do other than keep its claims to a share in government alive: hence its insistence on the National Economic Assessment under a future Labour government. Even if they are, at heart, quite uncertain whether patterns of long-term behaviour (that is, realism in wage demands) have changed, Conservative ministers have succeeded in their aim of displaying the TUC without its clothes: many senior civil servants now wonder how it was that they took for granted the need to consult so often and take union negative power into account in the 1960s and '70s.

Yet, again, as with industry, the political balance is far from clear. The presentation of Norman Tebbit's Green Paper suggests a certain caution, if only because few employers want a battle over legislation in a period of economic recovery, and because middle opinion in industry and the City is genuinely concerned about unemployment, and the possibility of social unrest, the transient nature of productivity gains and the uncertain future of investment and industrial training. This all suggests rather more sensitivity and cunning in dealings with organised industry and unions than political rhetoric can admit.

Though it was attacked as a single parasitic organism, the mandarin rarely behaves as one. No general appeal to tran-

scendental national interests was ever put to ministers. Not only was there no issue on which it could have taken place (except resentment at their services being so disparaged) but most senior civil servants simply could not judge whether such radical economic policies would work as was claimed. At spending departmental level, of course, senior officials supported their ministers in resisting Treasury cuts, as they have always done. At Industry, they sustained the more effective parts of the old Industrial Strategy, in cash and organisational support. But, at the Treasury itself, a stand-off relationship developed in which the Chancellor relied on his cabinet of junior ministers and on the government's special economic advisors to an unprecedented extent and ignored the cautionary policy advice of many of his permanent staff.

IN ONE SENSE the government thus disproved the received wisdom of its predecessors about the ability – or desire – of civil servants to deflect ministers from the illusions nurtured in Opposition. Yet, at the same time, ministers – above all the Prime Minister – seem to have become more dependent on the civil service 'centre'. Just as the Treasury team provided fortress power in cabinet by controlling the levers of economic policy and the 'envelope' of overall financial control, so the Cabinet Office nexus provided administrative means for the centre to supplement its power vis-à-vis departments and, indeed, for the Prime Minister to monitor any incipient disaffection among her colleagues.

Since the Prime Minister cannot actually deal personally with departmental ministers (a lesson learned early in 1979-80), but has to use this mechanism, she and the Treasury team rely heavily on it. What was already there in the '70s has been accentuated: the emphasis on the 'minimal state', inculcated by financial limits, has led not to an increase in ministers' autonomy, but the coherence of the centre – that is, of Prime Minister and Chancellor. The wild card is, of course, the Foreign Office, now a permanent part of the centre in terms of EEC membership and

the Prime Minister's international role, yet, for much of the last year, led by a minister apparently at odds with his boss. Re-establishing harmony is essential if Mrs Thatcher is to fulfil the foreign policy dreams that most Prime Ministers display in their second term of office, and the secondment of a Foreign Office official to Downing Street may be intended as a bridge for the future, rather than a rebuke for failure to foresee the Argentine invasion.

Departmental ministers have been reined in, whether at Industry or Defence, but not more than under Neville Chamberlain or Lloyd George, and the prime ministerial style, though idiosyncratic, is not necessarily presidential. What is new is ambiguity towards the State itself – the wish to diminish state power conflicts with the need to build it up – hinted at by dependence on the Cabinet Office, emphasis on managerial and technical ability rather than policy-making in the higher civil service, and the rapid promotion in key departments of officials who share ministers' basic assumptions.

Ministers have argued since 1975 that state collaboration with industry, labour and the City is unnecessary, because, if corporatism is a phenomenon of the weak state, the remedy is that the state should not attempt things for which it was not intended. But they cannot easily accept the corollary of self-regulation in the markets, because they argue that (with the possible exception of City markets) industry and labour have not in practice shown themselves capable or responsible enough. Instead of the law remaining as long-stop (in the sense argued by the Bank of England to the Wilson Committee), it has to be brought in to restore responsibility; in effect, to alter the balance of power across what, in any industrial society, is a class divide. As Jim Prior's 1980 Green Paper pointed out, this is something which judges, and many Conservative politicians, have traditionally shunned.

Is the minimal State, then, to be ushered in by the strong State? The Government happily uses ACAS, an independent institution hived off from the Department of Employment; having shown considerable

antipathy to the Manpower Services Commission (MSC), it now uses it to prevent the growth of an alienated mass of young unemployed, and perhaps to remodel the pattern of secondary education. Its references to the Monopolies Commission, however, sometimes seem bizarre and uncoordinated. Nationalised industries ought to provide a test case, yet privatisation has occurred ad hoc, as and when the market allows – a far cry from the Manichean simplicities of Keith Joseph's early declarations. The argument over capital investment has, at times, and in particular over railway electrification or the survival of the Ravenscraig steel factory, been guided by quite other, political considerations.

Meanwhile, in those industries which are hard to privatise – the basic monopolies – it seems as if a coherent policy is emerging, in which government will retain state power, in terms of profit (British Gas), market share (British Telecom), strategic resources (coal) or social policy (education). Like the Bank of England, the nationalised sector is an essential *political* adjunct of the State, quite distinct from the residual that private investors will not buy.

The contrast between desirable withering away of the State, implied by revulsion from intervention, bureaucracy and waste, and the espousal of individual and collective responsibility, proper charges for services and the Beveridgean values of insurance, self-help and voluntary activity, and the need for a strong State, is of course clear in the long-running war between central authority and

local government financial autonomy, and in the ever-contentious questions of capital expenditure and wages in the services and the police. On one hand stands the desired, 19th century nightwatchman state; on the other the appalling complexities of life in the modern polity. Backbenchers and constituency organisations, only too aware of new patterns of crime, *want* extended police powers and the more trenchant measures sketched out in Norman Tebbit's Green Paper on trade union reform; yet, when they see the implications, they take fright – hence the concessions in Parliament.

Fear to put any state agency, judges or policeman, in the driving seat and weaken it in the public mind, is a very old strand in Conservative thinking. So is the unfettered use of executive authority. Perhaps it is not surprising that Keith Joseph, apostle of the minimal State, should now be using every lever of power he can in his department to rationalise education policy. Why, one may ask, is the Centre for Policy Studies silent? Has it said all it can, leaving the rest to pragmatism? These proper limits of authority are uncertain and maybe already problems of the next five years. It helps that the government relies on its monetary policy, as something immutable, necessary, and therefore, unassailable – a *regime* (in the old sense) rather than a cure, in which contradictions such as the conflict between central and local democracy can be resolved.

Given an electoral mandate this is, of course, politically unexceptionable. It is not, however, neutral. It may look like Gladsto-

nian principle but it actually masks the growth of a radical concept of the state. (This may also explain something in the Prime Minister's style that differentiates her from Stafford Cripps, in so many ways her *frère semblable*; for her, it is the logic of necessity which educates the public in austerity, not the arts of persuasion.) It may be that the government can, by privatisation, sales of council houses, abolition of the rates, etc, both centralise and reduce the State's scope.

The process is not entirely different from what is going on in France, Italy and Germany, but the appeal here to a balance of power in the State and relationships between the institutions that is determined, not *a priori*, as the SDP and Labour Party would have it, but by primary forces of the political market, is likely to produce much more dramatic change. One may ask whether we can afford this 'unrest cure', given our competitive position, or whether, given our recent history, we can afford to do without it. There is, in fact, a fundamental choice – not, as opposition parties assume, between minimal and maximalist views of the State, but between the alternative possibilities of two widely different Conservative patterns of political practice. Historical analogies suggest that power is never given up, but used to hold early gains in the face of allowed circumstances. The State is not likely to wither away; yet the election was not simply about leaders, nor even unemployment, but also about the future pattern of the political parties and the polity itself. □



THE LEBANON WAR

Two events sponsored by the London Office of the Palestine Liberation Organisation in association with the League of Arab States to mark the first anniversary of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon.

Public meeting

Guest speakers include Mohamed Milhem, the deported mayor of Halhoul in occupied Palestine, a representative of the League of Arab States (Tunisia), and other representatives from the British political parties, student and trade union movement.

Piccadilly Hotel, Piccadilly, London W1
Thursday, 23rd June at 6.30pm

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Piccadilly Hotel, Piccadilly, London W1
Thursday 23rd June
to Saturday 25th June
Open daily from 10am to 6pm
Admission free

DIARY

Christopher Price

Being washed away by a landslide is a weird experience; you clutch at imaginary handholds and fantasise about being saved by a few hundred votes, when you know perfectly well that the whole cliff is collapsing beneath you. For all the nicely calculated inquest verdicts, neither policies nor personalities were fundamental to the catastrophe – though on both accounts our performance was terrible. We lost because we had been perceived for some time as devoid of those qualities electors demand of their politicians – common sense, imagination and, above all, unity. We did not lose the election in 1983; we lost it in 1980 and 1981 by our public schisms and our inability to resolve our problems internally with dignity and intelligence. It looks as though Neil Kinnock is going to win the leadership; but Labour will only win the next election if a genuine *collective* leadership (from Shore to Meacher) ensures that we do not indulge in mindless sloganising and fisticuffs this October. It is an expensive lesson which the electorate have taught us, but there is still time to learn from it.

It was the cancer of SDP surburbanism that ate fatally into the South London Labour vote. To some extent, voting for the Alliance was a convenient escape route for the genteel. But we have to face the fact that we need votes from the centre to win elections, and some of our hard, professional, white-collar activists are not always our best ambassadors. One couple I met were natural Labour voters – he worked for a children's hospital about to close, she with a literacy scheme with which I'd been associated. But they were solid for the Alliance. Why? Because she couldn't stand the arrogant hypocrisy of Cambridge-educated literacy teachers (all professing Labour politics) preaching to their students as they emerged from illiteracy that it was bourgeois to progress thence to O-level exams. One of the labour movement's least agreeable characteristics has been a propensity, inherited from Beatrice Webb, to instruct the working classes, in humourless, educated tones, what is good for them. It would be nice to think that over the next five years Labour activists would listen rather more carefully and preach somewhat less stridently.

Elections of all sorts are often salutary for both canvassers and voters alike. For party workers, it is a unique opportunity to see deprivation in the raw, especially if deputed to drive the elderly and the disabled to vote. I found the average voting-time-cycle for those votes – knocking on the door, letting

them get properly dressed, helping them down stairs, helping them to the nearby polling station and then doing it all in reverse once again – to be an average of 40 minutes. It was all a timely reminder of their predicament, and would be so much quicker with a postal vote. I asked one 88-year-old widow whether she'd like one next time. 'No' – she'd been asked before and she didn't think so. She liked the ride. It dawned on me that it was only at election times that she ever rode in a motor car. She regarded her occasional trip to the polls as the one democratic privilege she wasn't going to give up for any new-fangled system of postal voting. I didn't blame her.

I was beaten by a 'wet' – one of the wettest wets I've ever encountered in my life. Several furlongs to the left of David Owen or Jim Callaghan. But being a well-brought-up young Cambridge boy, I'm sure he'll vote obediently and tamely as his leader wishes. I hope, however, that he doesn't, since the hard wets in the House of Commons are now the only democratic defence against the 'dictatorship of the majority', presciently foreshadowed by Lord Hailsham, which we're all about to endure. I've always had a theory that the size of any government's majority doesn't really matter, since any potential rebellion is a mathematical function of it – usually plus or minus 50 per cent. When Wilson had a majority of 4, the rebels were Woodrow Wyatt and Desmond Donnelly. When it swelled in 1966, so did the potential Tribune group rebels. In the last Parliament Jim Lester, a genial Tory

ROGER WOODDIS

Mr Pym Passes By

My friends call me Francis,
My foes call me Pym
(Apart from a lady
Who mutters, 'Oh, him!')
I kept my voice low
And I held my head high,
And sent a short letter
When told to pass by.

The old order changeth,
And fadeth the dream
Of keeping forever
My place in the team.
The cast has been altered,
But on with the show;
The heavies take over
When gentlemen go.

The Voice was pure acid:
'You're losing your grip –
So be a good Speaker
And button your lip.'
I told her to stuff it,
And thought she would faint.
My name may be Francis,
But saintly I ain't.



jazz fiend from Nottingham, became adept at putting together the potential rebellion whenever he thought it necessary. I hope he carries on with his good work in this Parliament.

The nicest cartoon of the election was in the *Guardian* – of Mrs Thatcher arriving in Williamsburg with her bag carried by the last Western leader to win by a landslide – Richard Nixon. Absolute power corrupted Nixon absolutely. I detect the same sort of manic certainty in the Prime Minister. Francis Pym was ably advised to retire to his tent. He could still end up as Britain's President Ford, before Mrs Thatcher's term is up.

I nipped into my office on Sunday, when everything was quiet, to clear away the mountains of dead political debris. Having lost my seat before, I knew the drill. But if you're a new boy or girl no one tells you where to go or what to do. You can't get yourself a plan of the building and it's weeks before you even find the loo. By chance I found myself on a train this week with a bewildered Bill Michie, just elected for Sheffield, Heeley and on his way to London for a sea-change in *his* lifestyle. He's been chairing the city's Employment Committee over the Thatcher years. I remembered when I was first elected 17 years ago and found the metamorphosis from Sheffield councillor (where I had a job to do running the school system) to the Commons (where it seemed there was absolutely nothing to do at all) a culture shock from which it took months to recover. So I warned Bill and tried to give him a few signposts. When he finally comes up for air, I hope he enjoys it. Indeed, I hope he takes my place next to Dennis Skinner on the front bench below the gangway, denying room to the SDP rump and keeping up a barrage of Sheffield salvoes on the Tory front bench.

Sending the troops home

Lawrence Lifschultz reports on signs that the Soviet Union is ready to withdraw its forces from Afghanistan

THE PROSPECT OF a negotiated settlement to the Afghan civil war has lurked in the shadows of the diplomatic world for over two years. Although few of the participating parties imagined that plausible results could emerge, the conditions which could lead to a controlled de-escalation of the conflict, a gradual repatriation of refugees and a staged withdrawal of Soviet forces are now approaching the moment where the first phase of an agreement may shortly be announced. Diego Cordovez, the Secretary General's special representative under whose direction the Afghan peace talks have been proceeding, has publicly indicated that 95 per cent of a draft agreement has already been reached.

This has come about principally because of a series of significant political realignments within the Soviet leadership over the past year. These have combined, specifically, with the continuing prospect of a military stalemate in the Afghan countryside and, in neighbouring Pakistan, a dawning realisation that, if it fails to promote a settlement, serious political consequences could result in that country, too – particularly with growing moves for autonomy in Baluchistan.

This week, negotiations resume in Geneva between Pakistan and Afghanistan, through the mediation of the United Nations. This is the third session of indirect talks between the foreign ministers of each state. Previous sessions – in June 1982 and again last April – edged the prospect of a settlement forward, but even before last June's meeting in Geneva, the Soviets had expressed their approval of the terms put forward by the UN Secretary General's special representative, when nine days of indirect discussions were held between Shah Mohammed Dost, Foreign Minister of Afghanistan, and Sahabzada Yaqub-Khan, Foreign Minister of Pakistan.

The Soviet Politburo was never unified in the decision to intervene in Afghanistan in the first place. Divisions at the top were deep, with Mikhail Suslov, the Party's senior ideologue (who died last year) dominating the majority. The minority group, opposed to the invasion, argued instead for the curtailment of military and civilian support to Hafizullah Amin, leader of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA). Amin's brutality, the mass arrests and executions he ordered, were felt by the Soviets to be a major cause of deteriorating political and military conditions within his country – even Soviet newspapers were describing how tens of thousands of innocent people were suffering at the hands of

the ruling group in Kabul. The advocates of curtailing support argued that this action would mean Amin's demise, and was preferable to the risks and uncertainties of full scale intervention.

It is now widely reported, not only by Soviet sources, that Yuri Andropov headed this minority faction within the Politburo. If, then, with Andropov's rise, this minority position has ascended to the top in Moscow, it is plausible that Soviet attitudes to the emerging negotiations at Geneva are now serious in intent.

In the recent indirect discussions between Shah Mohammed Dost and Sahabzada Yaqub-Khan, three conditions emerged. First, Soviet forces would be withdrawn in stages from Afghanistan. Second, in a phased manner, refugees in Pakistan would be simultaneously repatriated to Afghanistan. Third, Pakistan would restrain insurgent activity originating within its borders and actively work for an effective ceasefire, so as to allow both the withdrawal of troops and repatriation of refugees under as near peaceful conditions as possible.

THE MOVEMENT towards a more comprehensive settlement and an extended agreement will be determined by initial progress on these points. There is no question that a political solution based on compromise would have to involve some form of coalition regime emerging in Kabul. The Soviets have indicated to a number of non-aligned states, including India, that they would not be averse to such a development. Whether such a position is merely a tactical element in the Soviet Union's diplomatic strategy, or a sincere approach based upon the reality of an existing stalemate within Afghanistan, has yet to be tested – but Soviet representatives have been in contact with the former King of Afghanistan, Muhammad Zahir Shah, concerning the possibility of establishing at least a transitional national government acceptable to most sides involved in the conflict. Zahir Shah has been in exile in Rome since 1973 when he was deposed.

On 19 May, the Soviet Ambassador to Pakistan, Vitaly Smirnov, declared in an interview with *The Muslim*, a leading Pakistani paper: 'Kabul has expressed its readiness in agreement with the Soviet Union for the withdrawal of the total limited Soviet contingent . . . and even expressed willingness to give a timetable in this regard.' Despite the use of the standard euphemism of a 'limited contingent' for its nearly 100,000 troops, Smirnov's statement of a mutual Soviet-Afghan willingness to estab-

lish a 'timetable' for withdrawal of forces is of particular significance, in that it represented the first public reference to what had remained an important sticking point during previous negotiating sessions at Geneva.

SUCH quantities of Soviet forces need never have been in Afghanistan in the first place, had a plan attempted in September 1979 (four months before their massive intervention) worked out. At that date, the Soviets, in cooperation with the then President, Nur Mohammed Taraki, had made an attempt to remove Hafizullah Amin from the leadership of the PDPA.

The scheme failed. The factionalism within the PDPA turned into a blood feud. In the first of several blunders, Taraki, the 'father figure' of the PDPA and once Amin's own mentor, was killed by Amin's protégés. In a secret Moscow meeting, en route from the Havana summit of non-aligned leaders, Taraki is reported to have met the Soviet leadership together with the exiled Babrak Karmal and to have agreed to Amin's dismissal. This was to be followed by a renewal of the earlier joint leadership between the Khalq and Parcham wings of the PDPA. When the operation misfired, Amin immediately took complete power and demanded the withdrawal of the Soviet Ambassador, whom he quite correctly accused of complicity.

In Moscow, the advocates of intervention believed that Amin could still be dislodged with a dramatic show of force and persuaded to leave for a diplomatic post abroad; but Amin was not amenable to persuasion. He is reported to have ordered the Soviet emissary who presented him with the *fait accompli* to be shot. Amin then chose to stage a final stand and, after a twelve-hour gun battle with Soviet forces at the Presidential Palace, went to his death with nearly 2,000 loyal members of his Armoured Corps.

The smoothly planned transition to a more 'moderate' coalition was in a shambles. Although Soviet forces released thousands of political prisoners from Puli-i-Charkhi and other prisons the morning after the invasion, they were hardly seen as liberators in the country as a whole. The invasion itself now eclipsed all prior issues.

Should the Geneva negotiations fail, it is clear that there will be costs on all sides. Moscow may be compelled to enact a severe and dramatic shift in its entire approach to Pakistan, so as to relieve pressure on its forces in Afghanistan. A wide array of potential strategic alignments exist which could readily encompass a spectrum of forces within Pakistan which have never been, nor are ever likely to, regard themselves as Soviet protégés – but are nevertheless prepared to make alliances of a 'united front' character against the military régime in Islamabad. The hidden agenda underlying the Geneva negotiations guarantees that, whether they fail or succeed, the outcome will have formidable consequences within the region. □

Lawrence Lifschultz has been South Asia correspondent of the Far Eastern Economic Review.

ETHIOPIA

Beyond banditry

Jon Bennett on the Tigré People's Liberation Front

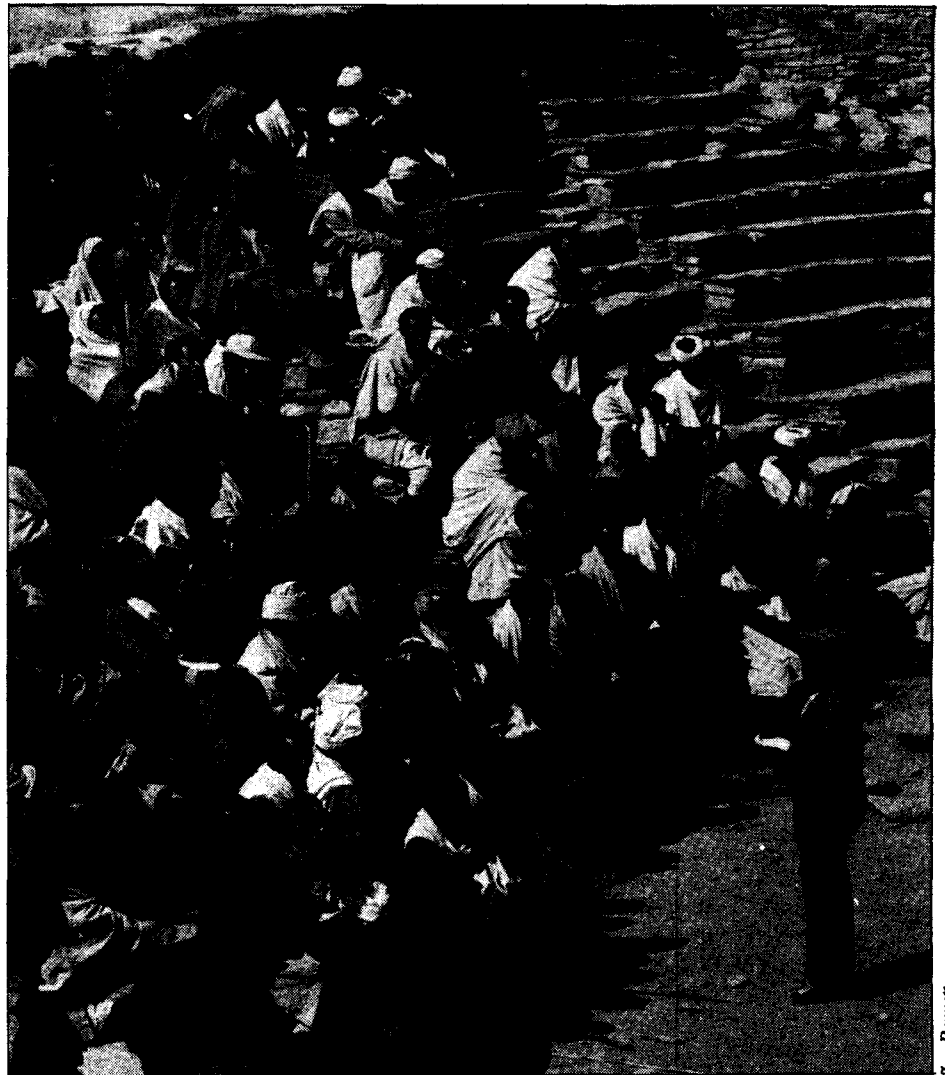
THE ABDUCTION (and subsequent release last week) of European relief workers by guerrillas in the town of Korum, northern Ethiopia, has once again brought to world attention a state of civil war that has existed in Tigré Province for more than eight years.

Backed by a huge Soviet and Cuban arsenal, the Ethiopian government has been engaged in a massive military offensive over the last two months, aimed at rooting out the 'bandits' of the north. A recent three-month tour of the province with the guerrilla army of the Tigré People's Liberation Front (TPLF) has given me proof that the Front has progressed far beyond 'banditry'. Having established effective military and administrative control of approximately 85 per cent of Tigré, it constitutes a formidable challenge to the integrity of the Ethiopian post-revolutionary state.

The TPLF is not fighting for secession. Although its objective is self determination (which *theoretically* guarantees the right to independence) it is fully aware that the present conditions in the region do not lend themselves to separate statehood, but political representation for the Tigrinya-speaking peoples of the north has long been denied by the Ethiopian central government and the underdevelopment of the region is evidence of consistent neglect.

Counter-insurgency is not new to the area. Claims to political representation for the various 'nationalities' in Ethiopia have spawned a plethora of rural and urban based movements since 1974, when the revolution which finally deposed Haile Selassie was violently usurped and has since been controlled by an Amharic-dominated military clique. What is unique here, though, is the extent to which the TPLF has captured the imagination of the Tigréan peasantry and managed to translate political consensus into participation. The TPLF is not simply a small band of armed guerrillas passing from one area to the next depending on military necessity. Since its formation in 1975, the Front has, as a major priority, concentrated on setting up people's administration, land reform and infrastructural improvements in even the most remote areas under their control.

The result has been an extensive network of administration, ranging from simple village committees to large, fully autonomous People's Councils. Such bodies are being continually expanded to take on the responsibility for education, health and relief



A farmers' association meeting in progress in Nebelet, central Tigré

operations, as well as local security and land reform.

The key to democratic participation in such processes lies in the grass-root associations established for women, farmers, merchants and youth. It is through these associations – usually meeting once a week at village level, monthly at regional level – that problems of a particular social group can be aired. The peasant association meetings are supplemented by regular political and literacy classes which ensure a free flow of information and ideas between the rural population and the higher echelons of the TPLF administration – who, in turn, are elected on a three-yearly basis by delegates from the associations.

The TPLF army itself comprises three main sections: regular fighters who engage Ethiopian troops and often provide trained cadres to assist in the various teaching programmes; mobile guerrilla units – 'kirbit' – which operate in small groups around enemy-held towns and establish propaganda units behind enemy lines; and home-based people's militia, recruited from the peasantry, which protect the liberated areas and report any government movement. Hit and run operations, combined with continual pressure on Ethiopian supply lines, have been the main mode of operation to date. The rapid expansion of the force and the recent capture (February 1983) of heavy

artillery and tanks will undoubtedly involve the TPLF in more conventional field warfare in the coming years.

THE ARMING OF local militia has proved an intractable obstacle to Ethiopian government manoeuvres in the area. Parallels can be drawn with the formative years of the armed struggle for independence in Guinea-Bissau. Numerically, the militia constitute a larger force than the regular fighters and, though most of the TPLF arms are captured from the enemy, it is not unusual to find old Italian and British guns from pre-war colonial encounters still being used today by the 'people's army'.

A major social innovation in Tigré has been the increasing involvement of women at all levels of society. About 30 per cent of TPLF fighters are women, and there is an equally high percentage of involvement in the civil administration, a particularly radical departure from usual practice in this part of the world. Members of the women's associations have attempted to change the rigid patriarchal politics and economic structures traditional to this society. Through patient and systematic discussion at village level with both wives and husbands, female cadres of the TPLF have urged women to participate in literacy classes as well as medical and technical training. Through a change in the judicial

processes relating to marriage, divorce and land ownership, the TPLF are managing slowly to erode traditional practices in a society only now beginning to break from its feudal past. Women have been accorded equal rights in divorce and property division and, since 1982, training in the use of ploughs has been provided in rural areas of the west.

Self-sufficiency is more than an empty slogan in a country which has so little contact, commercial or otherwise, with Addis Ababa and other main towns. Minimum food and textile importation has ensured the continuation of almost mediaeval production techniques, with wooden ploughs and hand looms the norm. Infrastructural neglect is most evident when one looks at statistics relating to health and education. There were, as late as 1976, only four hospitals and 40 health stations in Tigré, which together served less than 5 per cent of the population of 4½ million. Little wonder that such immense pride is displayed by the local people on showing a visitor a newly-opened clinic.

The foundations for a rural public health service were laid by the Relief Society of Tigré (REST), a voluntary organisation established by a group of Tigréans in 1978. REST is the only organisation through which relief supplies can be channelled into guerrilla-held areas. Its development programme has included the setting up of 36 new clinics and 65 mobile teams, as well as the sponsoring of four field hospitals. REST also takes on the responsibility for training midwives and distributing food supplies to drought-affected areas.

With illiteracy running at 95 per cent in Tigré, an immediate priority has been the reconstruction of a primary education system almost entirely neglected in the latter years of Haile Selassie's reign. Apart from adult literacy classes, the TPLF has, with the assistance of REST, established a network of 43 schools in the guerrilla-held areas. The language of instruction is Tigri-nya, the mother tongue – suppressed until now in favour of Amharic, which is spoken by the dominant minority nationality in the seat of power in Addis Ababa.

Endemic war and drought have forced huge numbers of people to flee their homes and move westward, often crossing the Sudanese border to become refugees in the appallingly overcrowded settlements set up in the Sudan since 1978. In an attempt to cope with the increasing influx from central Tigré, REST has coordinated the resettlement of more than 600 families in newly-formed villages in the west and, in so doing, has limited the refugee exodus to Sudan.

A move from the current impasse in Tigré – and, indeed, the other three fronts on which war is being fought in Ethiopia – can only come about through a political solution which takes into account the long-standing demands of the northern nationalities. Since the change of allegiance on the part of the super powers, after the dethroning of Haile Selassie, the Soviet Union has contributed over \$2 billion in sophisticated armaments to the Ethiopian government, and their strategic interest in the area has continued to outweigh ideological niceties. It should

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further be asked why the Ethiopian government, which spends so many millions on fighting its internal wars, should now be compounding its duplicity by requesting relief funds from the west for precisely those areas where the bombs are being dropped.

The assertion by TPLF protagonists that history is on their side appears, at first, rhetorical. A closer look at the worsening economic conditions in Ethiopia and the escalating army defections to the front organisations may, however, demonstrate the wisdom of the men and women in the hills. □

SOUTH ASIA

Running amok

Valerie Kaye describes the turmoil in Sri Lanka

WIDESPREAD ARSON and looting, which took place in Sri Lanka in the aftermath of the so called Parliamentary election, is now continuing sporadically throughout the island. The latest news is that houses in the suburbs of Colombo have also been burned down.

A National Emergency was declared on 18 May, after the army went on the rampage in Jaffna, burning down shops and houses and beating people. Following this, six officers were temporarily suspended and 48 other army personnel have now walked out in response.

In a recent incident in the northern town of Vauvuniya, guerrillas killed an airforce officer and his driver, and army soldiers beat a Tamil youth to death. The offices of Ghandiham, a voluntary organisation responsible for the resettlement of plantation workers, was razed. Tractors and huts belonging to displaced people were also destroyed. This took place during curfew hours, strongly suggesting that it was done by the army.

In April, teargas was used to repel youths in Jaffna protesting against the Prevention of Terrorism Act (which gives the police power to detain people up to 18 months). And, on 6 June, five people were brought to trial under this very act. These include Nirmalai Nithyanantha, and her husband (lecturers at Jaffna University) and two priests. So far, charges have not been specified.

What is particularly worrying is the government's growing disregard for the due process of the law, as demonstrated during the December referendum. In some cases there has been what one recent observer described as 'the open connivance of the government with the illegal action of the police'. This is a reference to an incident reported on 9 February 1983 in *The Island*, a newspaper generally recognised as right-wing. On that day, the paper reported that the Supreme Court had ordered the police

superintendent of Gampaha, Mr P. Udu-gampola, to pay a 10,000 rupee fine for seizing leaflets published by a religious organisation, Pavidhi Handa, opposing proposals to extend the life of Parliament. The Supreme Court ruled that the seizure was 'a serious violation of the fundamental rights of a citizen guaranteed by the Constitution' and that the Police had prevented the petitioner from his rights of 'freedom of speech and expression'.

So far, so good. Yet, in *The Island* of 3 March 1983, there is a story entitled 'Promotion for SP who violated rights'. It reads, 'The Superintendent of Police, Gampaha . . . has been promoted to Class One. The SP, Mr P. Udugampola, was promoted from Class Two to Grade One by a Cabinet directive.'

An editorial in *The Island* on 12 March 1983 also talks of police brutality in an incident where Vivian Goonewardene, one of the leaders of the Sri Lanka women's movement, was assaulted by the police. Even in right-wing circles, there is alarm.

According to Bala Tampoe, a prominent political figure and trade unionist in Sri Lanka, 'special powers have been given to the police and army to wipe out those suspected of trying to upset law and order'. Mr Tampoe, who visited the UK recently, gave details of Sri Lanka's lurch towards dictatorship, as well as the government's attempts to manipulate polling at the December referendum. When the present government came to power, in 1977, it amended the constitution so that J. R. Jayewardene was made executive president. All executive power is vested in him – he is head of the armed forces; he can declare war; he can dissolve Parliament. By-elections have also been abolished.

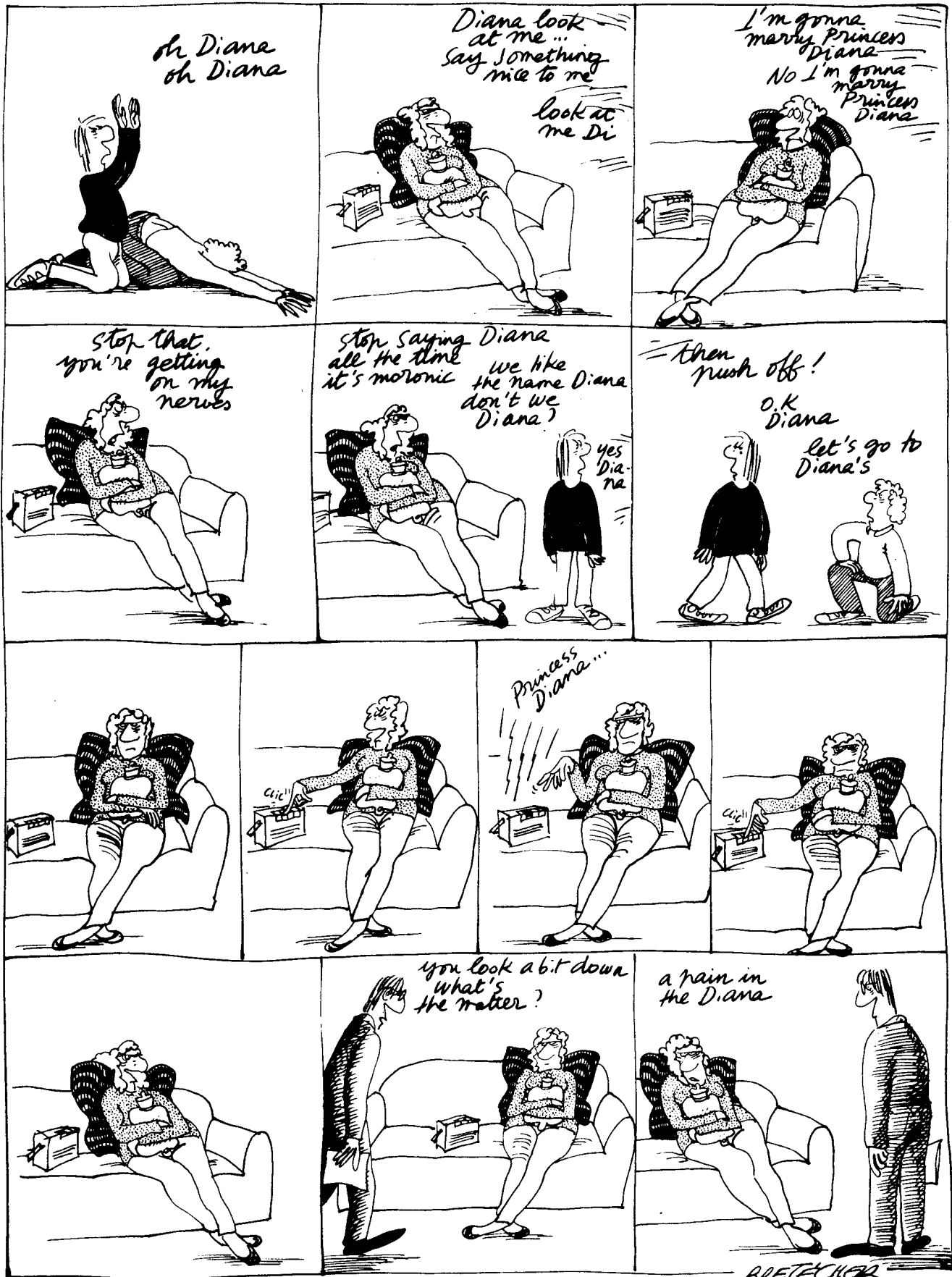
Before the referendum, President Jayewardene had asked for the undated resignations of every member of the governing UNP – the only two members not to concur were the Speaker and an MP who, being paralysed, could not sign his own resignation.

The referendum itself was held under a state of emergency, and under conditions of unmistakable duress against non-government voters. 'Never has there been in my country such a clear disregard for the rule of law,' said Mr Tampoe. The 'lamp' symbol of the 'yes' vote was displayed in public places, despite this being illegal, while people who displayed the 'pot' symbol of the 'no' vote were arrested. Opponents of the government were arrested as they turned up to vote and thugs were hired to fill in their voting cards. Apparently, there is a widespread view among all classes of people in Sri Lanka that the government, on a straight poll, would have lost.

Since the referendum appeared to give the government a mandate to extend its life from 1983 to 1989, the government has maintained its five-sixths majority and the President has the right to replace any MP who resigns. 'The President is now a dictator in constitutional and legislative terms,' said one close observer of Sri Lanka's political scene, 'and government has become a cypher.' □

BRETECHER

CATCH PHRASE



LETTERS

Follow my leader

Janie Whyld, Caistor, Lincolnshire

An explanation frequently found in your columns for the massive support for Thatcher is that it shows the 'apathetic acceptance of the inevitable'. This is almost comforting compared to what I feel to be the truth. Your analysis at least allows that people don't really want Thatcher, and that, were some sufficiently credible and exciting alternative presented by the Labour movement, her support would fall away.

My perception of the situation is more pessimistic. People say to me that they admire Thatcher because she is a strong leader – and strong leadership is what Britain needs to make her great. That Britain, far from becoming great, is being ground down and her people's confidence sapped, is not contradictory. Strong leadership is an attractive idea, particularly to those lacking in confidence, since it absolves one from the responsibility of making decisions and acting on them. Our authoritarian upbringing, based on discipline (obedience to authority) and self control (making ourselves behave as others say we should), adapts us to be followers rather than leaders. We lose the ability to refer to our own feelings about what is right and wrong, which brings the feeling that we have no control over our own lives. We look to others to give us direction – and that is the basis of fascism.

The dilemma facing the Labour movement is that the only tactic likely to succeed with such an electorate would, were we able to create it, have to be based on emotional appeal – Foot (or whoever) as St George rescuing the maiden Britain, for example. Foul means to fair ends. Well argued policies which give real options hold no attraction for people who are not used to being actors in the system.

Tactical voting

R. W. Tagart, Mayfield, East Sussex

Why the outrage at your suggestions on tactical voting? Is one to assume that the Labour Party has a monopoly in radicalism, democracy, or socialism? Just what has Labour done or proposed in recent years by way of *political* reforms – e.g. to give greater power to the people of this country by increasing the opportunities for participation in the democratic process; to obtain proportional representation; to encourage radical direct democracy as a counterweight to the mediaeval Westminster parliament; to further devolution and regional government; or to dismantle that constitutional absurdity, the United Kingdom state?

What has Labour done to promote cooperation with European socialists and radical democrats; to work towards a European socialist confederation of states to counter the impression of reactionary 'Little Englandism' formed by its blinkered policy of withdrawal from the EEC?

Labour has done precious little to develop this, the *political* content of socialism, whilst concentrating obsessively upon the *economic* content (a necessary, but by no means sufficient condition of socialism), with ever more grandiose (and fundamentally anti-democratic) plans for nationalisation and government control, which serve only to widen the powers of that Dinosaur, the over-mighty centralised state.

These, in sins of omission and commission, are what have lost Labour so much popular support,

not the puerile scare-mongering of the press barons. The Alliance (especially the Liberal wing) has policies which, in many cases, are considerably more radical, democratic, yes, even socialist, in this sense, than Labour's.

I wouldn't expect your critics to see this, however, since they are too close to the trees to be able to see the wood with any clarity.

Teaching an old joke new tricks

Tony Allen-Mills, Daily Telegraph, London EC4

Your Bretecher cartoon (*NS* 10 June) sank its stilettos with customary wit, but, in the bottom right-hand corner, the date appears as May 1974. Is this a case of the more things change the more cartoons stay the same?

ENDs and beginnings

Stephen Bodington, London N2

Duncan Campbell on END in Berlin (*NS* 20 May) prompts important questions that need pursuing. As a Director of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation I took an active part in the discussions that led to the European Nuclear Disarmament Appeal of 28 April 1980 and have since been continuously involved in the END movement. I was not able to be at the Berlin Convention but know enough of its achievements and aims to be able 'to see the wood for the trees'.

Duncan Campbell's report echoes confusions that beset peace movements here and elsewhere. Protest lobbying no longer suffices and we have to move into the real world of political action to displace the policies and culture of militarism; but for us the practicalities and difficulties of this cannot conceivably be tackled by trying to set up a 'general staff' to coordinate and diplomatically tune differences in styles of struggle against nuclear weapons. People have to find for themselves their several forms of coordination and at the same time respect the activities of those who take different approaches. However, communication and exchange of ideas can be facilitated so that common understandings can grow freely in their own ways. This is what the Berlin Convention set out to do and did – in a big way.

The one unifying factor of the Berlin Convention was general support for the END Appeal of April 1980. That single fact determined the structural basis for the Convention. If the Greens 'embarrassed' some others, those others of course have a right to say so, but they must also respect the right of the Greens to their own style. By the same token the International Liaison Committee that defines the format for bringing all and sundry together in Brussels, Berlin and Perugia has to be a 'loose gathering' of people able

to help, and cannot be a Representative Executive convening a Sovereign Assembly of Peace Movements to elect their High Command to order a battle against militarism!

We have to get rid of the habits of complaining protesters and in particular not be mere complainers against ourselves. Where change is wanted we must argue for realistic alternatives – and no one has yet thought through alternatives to improve on the 'looseness' of the Liaison Committee which still preserve its merits.

Similarly one should think carefully before criticising the organising team in Germany. Is there a multiplicity of democratically designed and financed conference centres from which to choose or had they no alternative to buildings which might suggest 'superficial high technology organisation'?

Among END supporters and CND supporters and Quakers and many others arguments and debates are many – and so they should be; and let us make no bones about it, this is how a democratic movement not bossed about by a General Staff should find its way forward.

And Eastern Europe – of course we need to talk to them in many modes, even though their official position is still to believe that nuclear weapons are of defensive value.

Secret Alliance

Reg Copley, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex

I am compiling a list of constituencies where Alliance candidates distributed last-minute leaflets during the general election campaign proclaiming that 'secret polls' and/or 'secret canvass returns' showed that they were running neck-and-neck with whichever other candidate appeared to be front runner in the constituency.

If anyone has such leaflets, I would appreciate copies being sent to me at 62 Orchard Grove, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 5TR.

Bijou departmentette

Alfred Sherman, Centre for Policy Studies, London

In your article 'Boiling into Fascism' (*NS* 10 June) you are kind enough to mention both me and the Centre for Policy Studies.

May I take this opportunity to point out that it is wholly untrue that the CPS was founded as 'an alternative to the Conservative Party Research Department'. Not only did we have no such intention, we could not possibly have had one. The CRD is a large organisation designed to fulfill staff-functions: i.e. a political secretariat. We have always been a very small organisation, fulfilling only line-functions: i.e. contributing to the debate by raising specific issues from time to time.

Writers' rights

Mark Le Fanu, Society of Authors, and Walter J. Jeffrey, Writers Guild of Great Britain

Parliament has set aside £2 million for Public Lending Right this year. May we remind your readers that authors have until the end of this month in which to register for PLR if they are to be eligible for a share of the first year's payments.

Although the eligibility rules for some can be daunting, we have found the Registrar and his staff extremely helpful. His address is the PLR Office, Bayheath House, Prince Regent Street, Stockton-on-Tees, Cleveland (0642-60499).

Dr Stephen Haseler

In February 1981, the *New Statesman* carried a diary item linking the name of Dr Stephen Haseler, principal lecturer in politics at the City of London Polytechnic, with that of a geneticist, once associated with the Heritage Foundation in Washington DC, who was alleged to hold views about Nordic and Aryan superiority. On 7 June, we accepted in open court that Dr Haseler has never held racist views and that there is no suggestion to the contrary in any of his political and other writings. We have apologised to Dr Haseler and agreed to pay damages and costs.

Barbara Hardy

Powers and perils

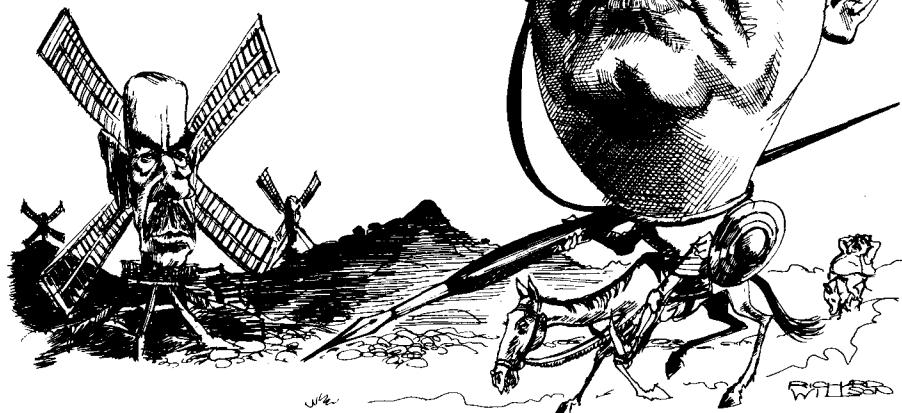
Lectures on Don Quixote

VLADIMIR NABOKOV *Weidenfeld* £16.50

Nabokov knew more about bugs than Kafka did, and there is a marvellous moment in his lecture on *The Metamorphosis* when, observing that Kafka's beetle-hero never knew that he had wings under his shell, he warns his students that such gifts are commonly and perilously neglected. This crossing of the boundary between life and literature convinces the sceptical reader that the unrelieved raptures of Nabokov's editors and commentators, who now offer us the third volume of the novelist's posthumous collected lectures, may have some foundation. But it is hard for any teacher in the Eighties to swallow whole the enthusiasm of Nabokov's admirers. Fredson Bowers, who has brilliantly edited all three volumes, commends him without reservation, with the support of a ecstatic essay by Guy Davenport. He is given the special treatment often reserved for the unremarkable criticism of remarkable poets and novelists. He is also praised for his powers as a teacher. In some ways he must have been exciting in the classroom, but in most ways he appears an appalling teacher, perceptive but blinkered, magnetic but dogmatic.

Nothing written by a good novelist is alien to us, but as a critic and a lecturer Nabokov laboured under huge disadvantages. He addressed mass audiences, prepared his read lectures without knowing his students, and exercised a spell which expected acceptance but did not encourage speculation. In 1940, when he left Europe for an academic career in America, he had already written his lectures on Russian literature and on great novelists from Jane Austen to Joyce. Whatever one thinks of such a pedagogic preparation, there is no doubt that his criticism can be as brilliant as it is prejudiced.

This new volume presents the lectures on *Don Quixote* which were specially written for a course at Harvard in 1952, and they show all the good and bad signs of what may have been a recent, unassimilated reading of Cervantes and his critics. The merit of fresh response is joined by the defect of hasty and hand-to-mouth thinking. Nabokov had a strongly personal involvement with literature, which is of course refreshing when compared with dry-as-dust academic teaching, but it has its flaws and its dangers. None of them are acknowledged in this glossy package of praise. The violent rejection of many Cervantes scholars, few of



whom would have been read by the mesmerised audience, and the aggressive judgment and analysis of the novel, undisturbed by any consciousness of personal stance or wish to teach people to think, must have been interesting but are not admirable. Nabokov's habit was to combine massive readings from the text (praiseworthy) with extensive summary of the novel (less praiseworthy) and dogmatic assertion of judgment (not praiseworthy at all). In his introduction to one of the earlier volumes, John Updike tells the story of a student who could not be kept from attending one of Nabokov's lectures even by a high fever, who felt he gave her something which would last all her life, and who indeed remained incapable of ever taking Thomas Mann (one of teacher's hates) seriously. Nabokov may have been even more dogmatic than F. R. Leavis, who at least employed the rhetoric of interrogation, and on one occasion changed his mind.

Not only the spellbound student, but the text, suffers under the Nabokov style. *Don Quixote's* world is rightly described as cruel, but Nabokov can't recognise either the element of historical representation or the impulse to social criticism. He comes, willy-nilly, to admit the pathos and nobility of *Don Quixote*, but doesn't make the obvious connection between our moral rejection of the cruel horseplay and our admiration and pity for the victim-hero. This may be partly because of his apparent habit of separating books from literary history. Cruelty and humour are satirically linked not only in Cervantes but in his English followers, Fielding and Smollett. The victimised idealist has been made funny and admirable by Sterne and Thackeray, who are among the many great novelists not included in Nabokov's

highly selective list. (Nabokov's list is shortened by his admitted hatred of women novelists, said to be in 'another class'.) Cruelty is seen as a nasty indulgence on Cervantes' part. This judgment creates a good deal of intellectual confusion. Cervantes, like Fielding, used the rough treatment of the idealist not as a crude and simple-minded form of entertainment, but as a seriously amusing way of criticising a violent, greedy society which couldn't afford heroics or ideals. Critics who suggest this are manhandled by Nabokov, who never displays the minimal grace of giving his students the chance to weigh the arguments.

The authoritarianism and the distrust of social satire are characteristic of his whole critical output. He stresses Jane Austen's elegant craft (using sexist imagery of 'dimples' and the lady's workbasket) and is blind to the critical analysis which led David Daiches to describe her as a Marxist before Marx. He seriously under-estimates Turge-
nev, and admires Tolstoy despite his ideological extensions and disruptions of traditional narrative art and craft. Nabokov reacted strongly against what he saw as the utilitarianism of some 19th-century fiction, chiefly because it led to the narrower utilitarianism of Soviet culture, in theory and practice. Incidentally, he exaggerates that cruelty whose irony he misses. On one occasion, he observes tendentiously that *Don Quixote* 'is not actually given an enema of snow water and sand, as one of the characters in a book of chivalry was', but gets very close to it. Apparently, Cervantes is not quite cruel enough for Nabokov, whose readings are always unsympathetic to kinks he doesn't share. He unjustly describes Leopold Bloom, for instance, as showing Joyce's

obsession with latrines. It is not surprising that one of the passages he most admires in Cervantes is Don Quixote's half-dreaming, half-waking yearning for the 'moaning girl-music' of the little damsel Altisidora.

More surprising than the misreading of Cervantes' social ironies is the craftsman's failure to appreciate the novel's sophistication and reflexive analysis. He seldom stresses the interest of what other critics have analysed, like the famous osmotic exchange of qualities between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. His view of the novel, happily not always consistently applied, is that it is crude, as well as cruel. He fails to see in the inset stories, for instance, a subtle literary and psychological analysis of narration and response, telling and listening. A strange neglect in the innovative author of *Ada* and *Pale Fire*. Even blinder is his interpretation of Cervantes' criticism of the chivalry-books which turned Don Quixote's head, making him confuse illusion and reality. Nabokov insists that *Don Quixote* itself inconsistently uses the adventures of romance, and fails to reform art or destroy popular fiction. This is to simplify what the novel does with romance, which is not so much to attack or reform as to analyse the powers and perils of literature, which can educate and mislead, elucidate and befuddle. Don Quixote, like Jane Austen's Catherine Morland, and George Eliot's Maggie Tulliver, is a bad reader in some ways, a good one in others. Bad because he fails to distinguish art and life, so tilts at windmills. Good because he refuses to let literature stay nobly on the page and wants to apply its lessons in the real world. Nabokov's obscurantism is familiar. Unlike Don Quixote, he wants fiction to stay safely and artistically in its place. Happily, it refuses to do so, and persists, however untidily and unsuccessfully, in suspecting that windmills may be giants in disguise. Cervantes was at least as sophisticated a novelist as Nabokov, and a much better teacher. □

Miroslav Holub

Jewish Cemetery in Olšany, Kafka's grave, April, a sunny day

Searching under the sycamores
are some words poured out from language.
Loneliness skin-tight
and therefore stony.

The old man by the gate,
looking like Gregor Samsa
but unmetamorphosed,
squints in this
naked light
and answers every question:

I'm sorry, I don't know.
I'm a stranger here.

translated from the Czech by Ewald Osers

PUBLISHING Faith Evans

The sex of the board

Intruders on the Rights of Men: Women's Unpublished Heritage

LYNNE SPENDER *Pandora* £2.95

Until a few years ago, the image of post-war British publishing was of thrusting and persuasive emigrés whose rapid progress in the industry was at least partially influenced by productive alliances with well-placed *literati* (usually men), and the willing cooperation of a bevy of upper-class assistants (invariably women). Though the achievements were considerable, they seem in retrospect to have been based on rigid and unacceptable codes of male behaviour. Anthony Blond's *The Publishing Game*, first published in 1971, contains only a handful of women's names, most of them literary agents ('A bright, pretty girl who is advancing steadily . . . 'This beautiful country gel is a relative newcomer but no slouch').

Times do change, but not quickly enough for Lynne Spender. In Britain alone, at least half a dozen 'commercial' houses now have women wielding the kind of power which has brought a feminist sensibility to bear on the books commissioned and selected for publication. We have several feminist presses, whose success has been phenomenal by any standards; we have feminist bookshops and even a bookclub, unthinkable a decade ago, and we have the thriving Women in Publishing group, which scrupulously monitors sexism and hands our annual 'Pink Pig' awards to men whose chauvinism ranges from the purely porcine (Auberon Waugh) to the defensively meticulous (Anthony Burgess).

Other countries have made similar, if less dramatic, progress. Yet Lynne Spender, whose declared aim is to 'deconstruct the myths and mystique associated with the publishing industry', is more interested in rehashing the failures than in applauding the successes. Gloomily, she predicts that feminist writing and publishing is a bandwagon which will soon grind to a halt. Her historical parallel with the short-lived Victorian 'first wave' does not, however, stand up to examination. Women writers and publishers are no longer, as they were then, inhibited by lack of education or means of access. They have acquired professional skills, and can compete on the same terms as men. The danger today, a paradoxical one which is underestimated in this book, lies elsewhere. Particularly in times of recession, and in an industry as fickle as publishing, women are, for the first time in their history, susceptible to the destructive pressures of the power struggle – from which their very exclusion has so far ren-

dered them inviolate. Not so much a luxurious option as an unforeseen challenge, which it will take energy and imagination to confront.

Meanwhile, in a short run-down of neglected literature, Spender draws heavily on the pioneering work of Elaine Showalter and others but disparages the subsequent attempts at restitution:

While the list of 'lost' women writers continues to grow, it is only because of dedication by women to the recovery of their past and with tremendous cost in terms of the time and energy that could be used so effectively elsewhere.

The many thousand readers of the reprints put out by Virago and the Women's Press might argue that the time and energy had been well worth the expenditure. Later, Spender bemoans the fact that most feminist books are produced in paperback, suggesting that the only works to survive from the 1980s may be 'the expensive and prestigious cloth-bound editions of man-made information'. (So hellbent is she on pursuing her point that you feel that if the trend had been towards hardbacks instead, she'd have claimed it as a conspiracy to make them expensive and thus unavailable to women.) She does, however, pertinently draw attention to the appallingly short shrift given to paperbacks by the literary pages.

It's true, of course, that an enormous amount remains to be done. A feminist study of publishing finances, for example, would reveal that the economic power base of the industry is still, as it has always been, largely in men's hands – blood will flow before that revolution takes place. Most women in publishing are still under-valued and underpaid, and the boardrooms of many established houses remain as tough to penetrate as the Athenaeum.

Spender rightly calls for 'a systematic monitoring of the publishing industry', so it's a pity she wasn't able to set the ball rolling more positively. Her sources read 'editor, general publishing house, England, 1980', 'published writer, USA, interview, 1981', and she rarely mentions a firm by name. She justifies anonymity on the grounds of libel, and of needing to protect the women she spoke to. But her vagueness also underlines her absolute conviction in the universality of her thesis, her tendency to adapt her evidence to prejudged conclusions. The uncertainty of the book's scope mixes uneasily with the insistence of its rhetoric, giving it a curiously resigned air. As she must be aware, it's unlikely that the men Spender describes as the 'gatekeepers of our culture' will ever read her book; if by chance they do, they'll naturally assume, in time-honoured male fashion, that her arguments don't apply to them. The contents of Pandora's box – good luck, by the way, to this new feminist imprint – should be more than a sop to Cerberus. With more reflection and a less grudging attitude to what *has* been achieved, Lynne Spender could have given us (*pace* the late Sir Stanley Unwin, that most fatherly of publishing patriarchs) 'The Real Truth About Publishing'. □

The Experience of Infertility

NAOMI PFEFFER and ANNE WOOLLETT
Virago £3.50

The 20th-century women's movement has always, quite rightly, insisted that the control of the means of reproduction is essential for women's freedom. The political agenda of the 1970s focused our attention on abortion and contraception; more recently questions about labour and childbirth have been added to this programme. But there is another issue here and one that poses some particular problems for much feminist ideology: the issue of infertility. Theoretically of course all these areas are one: they are about 'a woman's right to choose' and about control, however defined. Emotionally, however, they do not feel the same, and probably never can while society identifies women so closely with children and the family. While feminists march and campaign for abortion, infertility has been kept tucked away from feminist discussion, a shameful secret and a preserve of medical specialists.

This remarkable little book does all a single book can to challenge this state of affairs. By treating infertility (with subfertility, miscarriage and still-birth) as a whole emotional experience rather than exclusively as a medical problem, the authors open up a way to locate the problem within a debate about why women want children and what it means socially and psychologically to have this supposedly 'natural' desire thwarted. The authors manage to discuss quite critically the social pressures that lead women to identify their 'femaleness' and their personal wholeness with the ability to have a child, without ever losing sight of the personal pain and grief that many infertile women have to suffer. At the same time they also examine the medical aspects of fertility, expose the woeful state of ignorance within the professional arena, and offer careful and specific hope where that is legitimate. Above all they shift the ground from private shame to a shared problem, partly by their own openness and partly by their extensive use of quotations from other women.

For infertile women or couples and their friends this should prove an invaluable handbook; but it is more than that — while not evading the complexities it expands the whole debate about physical choice and control for women by including a large minority group who have a particularly valuable perspective on the problem.

Sara Maitland

Brothers: Male Dominance and Technological Change

CYNTHIA COCKBURN Pluto £5.95

The subjects of this book are *men*: composers in two Fleet Street and two London provincial newspapers. Their union is the National Graphical Association, which offered Cockburn remarkably unfettered assistance. The technological change focused upon is from 'hot metal' to computerised 'cold' composition.

The latter has, judging from this study and the interviews on which it is based, thrown previously established relationships, and the status derived from them, into disarray. The change from noisy, oily, concrete linotype composing of print — a 'man's' job — to quiet, clean-carpeted and abstract computerised printing using typewriters — a 'woman's' job — is by these accounts, painful. Working conditions are far safer and healthier and no one wanted to return to the old physical environment. But the psychological and social effect

on 'craftsmen' who had defined themselves as superior to unskilled men and *all* women, was traumatic.

Cockburn's methodology and analysis differ dramatically from any other currently available on technological change. Using Marxist dialectical method, she develops historical and sociological studies to incorporate both class relations — the struggle for control of production between employer and worker — and contradictory relations within the working class: between skilled and unskilled men, and particularly between men and women.

The attempt to push Marxist theory into unknown, often deliberately ignored, terrain is both the strength of the book and the source of its weakness. Of the shortcomings the author is all too well aware: the socialist theory of patriarchy is very under-developed and usually a-historical. Trying to interweave it with far more sophisticated Marxist theory 'has been a complicated story to write and may prove so to read' (it is in parts).

The strengths of this perspective far outstrip its shortcomings. The changing relations of the composers with the employers, the semi- and unskilled men and with women at work and at home are charted in rich detail. The contradictions between the composers' traditional view of themselves as the skilled élite in the print and the reality now of being 'glorified typists' brilliantly clarify the incompleteness of our current theories of how workers react to, cope with, and attempt to exercise control in the workplace. Some of the composers, aware of their fumbling incompetence at the new keyboards, could no longer justify their far higher pay packets. 'If girls can do it you know you're sort of deskilled.'

The analysis is extended to explore the implications for trade unions and the alternatives which they might pursue. The author persuasively argues that breaking down divisions between workers is the realistic way forward if unions are to represent workers as a whole. If trade unions such as the NGA go down this path, technological change could be to the long-term benefit of the labour movement.

Robyn Dasey

J. B. Yeats: Letters to His Son W. B. Yeats and Others, 1869-1922

ed. JOSEPH HONE Secker £7.95

To find oneself the father of two famous sons must be a daunting experience for anyone as staunchly convinced of his own talent as Yeats senior was; to his credit, he never let it get him down. His letters show a singular generosity and buoyancy of spirit. You find him in a constant state of hopefulness about his work. 'You will see I have made great progress'; 'It is far and away the best portrait I have painted': these phrases keep recurring, not without a note of ominousness as far as steady application and its rewards are concerned. Enthusiasm for the newest project is a common enough habit of mind — but in J. B. Yeats it was matched by an inability to complete the work he was actually engaged on. Just before his death in 1922 he was still adding the finishing touches to a self-portrait which the New York collector John Quinn had commissioned 11 years previously.

J. B. Yeats started life as a barrister but renounced the law for painting in 1867 when his eldest son William was two. Things became rather unsettled for a time: the family moved from Dublin to London and back, and back again. Chronic

restlessness, perhaps, as well as the impulse to make new starts, kept J.B. constantly on the move. He was always avid for interesting experiences: New York appealed to him so strongly, when he went there on a visit in 1907, that he never got around to leaving it. The acclaim he enjoyed there led an Irish wit to dub him 'the old man who ran away from home and made good'. He didn't, however, succeed in casting off the impecuniousness which had troubled him for most of his life, due partly to his own failure to charge suitable prices for his commissions. That, and his inclination to engage in interminable conversations. 'Your father, we think, is the best talker in New York', someone wrote to W. B. Yeats.

These letters are vivid, cheerful and discursive, full of energetic assertions and illuminating asides. In this edition (unavailable for some years and now reissued with the help of the Arts Council) the dominant topic on each page is indicated in a page-heading, sometimes with intriguing effect — 'W.B.Y. and wife fishing' — and sometimes just tersely: 'Strenuousness'. Though he was 83 when he died, J. B. Yeats never allowed old age to demoralise him; his opinions, right up to the end, are as vigorous and engaging as ever.

Patricia Craig

The Trades Union Congress and the Struggle for Education 1868-1925

CLIVE GRIGGS Falmer Press £12.95

It is easy to forget how recent the concept of free and universal education really is. It was not until the mid-1920s that the majority of elementary schools were free and attendance was compulsory — and then only until the age of 14. The advent of free secondary schooling and higher education came too late to be included in this survey of the changing attitudes towards education held by the TUC from its foundation in 1868 to 1925.

The struggle to get even thus far, we see, was a hard one — often led by trade unionists who themselves had suffered from being put to work in fields, factories and mines at a tender age. Nor did the TUC make education its first priority: unionists were in those years a minority of the work force. They were often the most highly skilled workers who did not necessarily see education as a weapon in the struggle of the working people. Besides, they held a variety of political and religious views. Mr Griggs suggests, realistically but somewhat cynically, that their motives for supporting education for the young may also have had much to do with keeping competition off the labour market.

The author seeks to determine how successful the TUC was in persuading the government of the day to legislate for any educational progress. The outcome remains uncertain: of necessity his detailed examination of the part played by the TUC does not allow him the space to look at the involvement of other individuals or groups. We get intriguing glimpses, however, of the social conditions prevailing at the time and of the religious and political ideology that determined attitudes towards the country's education policy. Related themes, such as demands for social welfare, school meals and medical inspection, are explored, as are the raising of the school leaving age, the abolition of fees and the provision of scholarships.

It does appear that whatever the individual motives of its members may have been, for what was a fairly cautious trade union organisation, the TUC did have a radical education policy in the years covered by Mr Griggs' survey.

Julia Hagedorn

POETRY
Edna Longley

Franglais

**The Mystery of the Charity
of Charles Péguy**

Geoffrey Hill *Agenda/Deutsch* £3

Geoffrey Hill has never been afraid of the big words or the big ideas. In this new sequence he tells the French poet Charles Péguy:

This world is different, belongs to them,
the lords of limit and of contumely.
It matters little whether you go tamely
or with rage and defiance to your doom.

Even while announcing 'defeat' — a concept fundamental to Hill's interest in Péguy — these lines restore a linguistic old régime. Péguy, whose dream of 'old France' died with him at the Marne in 1914, thus seems a natural heroic projection of Hill's own imagination — an invention almost, like Arruñuz or Offa. All elegies, especially those for fellow-poets, reveal more about the elegist than the elegised.

Peasant by birth and allegiance, Parisian polemicist (a Dreyfusard) and Catholic nationalist, Péguy affirmed a mystical patriotism enshrined in his poem *Le Mystère de la charité de Jeanne d'Arc*. As Anthony Hartley observes, 'Péguy hardly envisaged any other demonstration of divine providence than what might be performed between the Rhine and the Pyrenees'. Except in wartime, English poets rarely espouse such 'regenerative and sacrificial' love of country. For every 'Jerusalem' there are many verses where, in Edward Thomas's words, 'Britannia is a frigid personification'.

No wonder that Hill warms to Péguy's old France as a surrogate for 'the spiritual, platonic old England' (Coleridge) he sought in *Tenebrae*. Indeed Péguy's attitudes would be more at home in Irish than in English poetry: not just nationalism coloured by religion, but territorial piety, cultural atavism and repudiation of 'this filthy modern tide'. Hill's first section several times echoes Yeats, particularly with reference to Péguy's 'figurative' call for the blood of Jaurès the socialist deputy, who was subsequently shot. Hill speculates, as Yeats speculated, about the political consequences of some poetic images. And, despite Péguy's literal defeat, the sequence resembles *Mercian Hymns* in implying that 'the weal public . . . may be made to pay tribute to a private treasury of revelation.'

This is why poets should be careful: compatriots of a narrower patriotism have indeed exploited Péguy, and he shares with Yeats the slur of crypto-Fascism. Hill's poem, of course, runs no such risks (though he might have pushed his speculations a little further) as he follows his predecessors

in developing the myth of an ideal civilisation. From Péguy's character he takes 'truth', 'pride', 'courage', 'grace', 'the radical soul'; from his imaginative countryside, 'musky red gillyvors', 'coifed girls like geese', the 'stone-thronged annunciations' of Chartres. Hill's myth is so patently myth that it avoids the pitfalls of what purport to be harder poetic versions of 'history'. Yet, lacking Yeats's acquaintance with hard history, he sometimes lapses into nostalgic yearning for a Utopia where 'life is labour and pastime and orison'. Although this is placed as Péguy's 'fable', Hill must be sentimentally involved. Nor does violence — the deaths of Jaurès and Péguy, the First World War — always destroy romanticism. A Rupert Brooke flavour, however sanctioned by Péguy's own pro-war belief in the 'happiness' of those who die 'pour la terre charnelle', requires stronger solvents than diluted Wilfred Owen:

The men of sorrows do their stint,
whose golgothas are the moon's trenches,
the sun's blear flare over the salient.

Has Hill really done his stint, or does he take a few emotional and artistic shortcuts? Seamus Heaney argues in his essay 'Englands of the Mind' that Hill's imagination is 'founded on an England that we might describe as Anglo-Romanesque, touched by the polysyllabic light of Christianity but possessed by darker energies which might be acknowledged as barbaric'. This quatrain fills the bill all too well:

Or say it is Pentecost: the hawthorn-tree,
set with coagulate magnified flowers of may,
blooms in a haze of light; old chalk-pits brim
with seminal verdure from the roots of time.

Whether in France or England, hawthorn-tree and chalk-pits are obliterated by history, religion and perhaps etymology. Foundations should not be the whole building.

Hill's appendix describes Péguy as 'exact and exacting', 'accurate', 'meticulous'. The same adjectives fit his own almost scholarly procedures. However, background obtrudes in occasional boa-constrictor bulges of historical collage or upmarket Franglais: 'Coup de tonnerre! Bismarck is in the room!', 'True tempérament de droite, you have your wish'. Hill's problem is syntactical as well as tactical: the dearth of variations on the vocative. Yet fillers like 'En avant, Péguy!' and 'But what of you, Péguy?' betray that he has not quite found a first-person dynamic. Only his proven mastery of the quatrain holds the sequence formally together. And even this tends towards anxious over-mastery: in the linking word-play that derives from 'dur' 'duration', 'endurance', 'obdurate'; in the excessive ingenuity of rhymes like 'peppercorned'/'paper-crowned', 'courage'/'sour rage'. Other rhymes cement too firmly the Anglo-Romanesque *entente cordiale*: 'Fife'/'Juif', 'images'/'rois-mages', 'Meuse'/'Muse'. Ultimately, for all the poem's flashes of power and beauty, Geoffrey Hill's richly endowed Muse does not need the Meuse, nor his mystery the peg of Péguy. □

ANDROPOV

Zhores Medvedev

When Yuri Andropov succeeded Brezhnev last year, few knew much of his past. That past however includes ten years of Party supervision of socialist states as well as fifteen years as head of the KGB. And his goals remain uncertain: the West applauds Andropov's fresh approach to East-West relations, but a tightening up of internal discipline is already underway.

Zhores Medvedev was one of the first to see Andropov as the likely successor. Here, in the first major book on the new Soviet leader, he analyses the succession struggle, Andropov's career and rise to power and his first months in office. It is a courageous and revealing book, drawing on a vast network of unofficial sources.

238 pages, £7.50 (0 631 13401 8)

Basil Blackwell Publisher

THE FAMILY Anne Smith

Cages

The Anti-Social Family

MICHELE BARRETT and MARY MCINTOSH
NLB £14 Verso £3.95

What is to be Done about the Family?
ed. LYNNE SEGAL
Penguin with the Socialist Society £2.50

The first point that Michèle Barrett and Mary McIntosh make is how difficult it is to write about the family with academic detachment. We are all brainwashed with the conservative ideology of the family; we are all to some extent the products of family life. Our approach to the question of the role of the family, if any, in the future is inevitably influenced by personal experience, an experience which is as unique as the human beings who contribute to it.

That is precisely why both these books should become required reading. If the Dreaded Margaret has her way, she will thrust us all back a hundred years to the squalor and human degradation of Victorian England. Her speech-writer Ferdinand

Mount already gave the first blast of the trumpet in his reactionary polemic, *The Subversive Family*, which was almost universally well-received by male reviewers who knew as little about the subject as himself, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that ignorance is bliss. Betty Friedan has caved in. Before we know it we'll all be back where we were.

The risk of regression is real partly because we haven't actually come very far forward since people in the Sixties began to protest against the emotional and intellectual claustrophobia of family life. Now Thatcher, Reagan and other born-again patriarchs blame 'the disintegration of values' in contemporary life on the Sixties rejection of the World War-reinforced Dickensian myth of the family. They totally ignore the fact, as Lynne Segal points out in her introduction to *What is to be Done about the Family?*, that that rejection was an effect, not a cause. As with most of their dogmas, they believe in Fortress Family because they want to, because it can so easily be made a means of social control. If they can place the onus of care for its weaker members back on the family and force them once more to provide all the social services that feminists and trade unionists have fought so hard to establish as the necessary apparatus of a society which wishes to call itself civilised – why then, the rich can get even richer!

Of course, the Family that Thatcher professes to believe in is sheer myth. What we have instead is 'the sexually repressive authoritarian institution' (Segal); the unit of consumption; the political football; the women's prison. Barrett and McIntosh tell us that 'far more men than women are convicted of criminal offences . . . more women than men are treated for depressive and neurotic mental illnesses'. The crude conclusion I draw from this is that huge numbers of housewives are 'stir-crazy', like the prisoners in the B-movies of the Fifties. They endure the punishment without the release of social revolt; it all has to be internalised, 'for the sake of the family'.

It is interesting to put together some of the statistics from both these books: over 79% of all households do *not* conform to the adman's profile of the nuclear family; only 5% of all male workers entirely support dependent wives and children; 56% of married women work outside the home; they still do 80% of the domestic chores; 25% of reported crime is wife assault; one in three families in Inner London is a single-parent family. These are the facts, but the politicians on both sides seem able to respond to them only with nostalgia. Little wonder that they have to hire soap-powder copywriters to project their image in elections. The Labour Party lives in a Hovis world, the Tories toy with the After Eights, and the Alliance is right there with the Daz.

Just before I sat down to write this review I saw part of a TV programme about British men who beat a cowardly retreat to the Philippines to procure wives who will complacently fulfil the Victorian role of 'gentle domestic beasts'. Then I read in a magazine that Reagan intends 'to increase the number of women who breastfeed their babies . . .

from the present 45 per cent to 75 per cent'. Conservatives here are determined to make their wet little dreams into reality, roused from their complacent sleep, ironically enough, by our first female Prime Minister, and stirred into confident action by her Colonel Blunderbuss episode in the Falklands. The Family is next, destined to become again what it once was, in Reich's phrase, 'a factory for producing submissive people' (and probably the only factory that will be producing at all) – shortly followed, no doubt, by soup kitchens and the re-invasion of India. Penguin and New Left Books deserve high praise for publishing such intelligent, lucid and unfashionable books. Barrett and McIntosh, and all the contributors to the Penguin book, have certainly taught this reviewer a lot. □

FICTION

Angela McRobbie

Twilight zone

Ancient Evenings

NORMAN MAILER *Macmillan* £9.95

Bornholm Night-Ferry

AIDAN HIGGINS *Allison & Busby* £7.95

What is there to be said about *Ancient Evenings*? One could start by pointing out, as most critics have been quick to do, that it is exasperating beyond belief; that it is very long (700 pages); that it purports to be a history but is in fact a mystical tract; that it has no graspable narrative other than a series of stories exchanged between the reincarnated image or shadow ('Ka') of a young nobleman and a similar version of his great-grandfather (whose reputation was founded on his ability to consume large quantities of excrement); and that it is written in a loudly proclamatory pseudo-Biblical style. All of which makes it, in my view, largely unreadable.

Of course a case could be made in favour of this formidable volume. If it *so* thwarts the standard literary expectations of readers and critics, then perhaps it is doing something important. Perhaps it is asking for a different kind of response to a different kind of writing.

And this would clearly be in line with Mailer's commitment, in this book, to the occult, to spiritual re-awakening and to the potency of myth and magic. Similarly, the uncompromising structure of the book could be seen as a formal perversity – a blunt refusal to grant his readers any comfort as they proceed through its pages.

But to pin a modernist label on *Ancient Evenings* would, I think, be a mistake. There is little in it that is new or challenging; the notion of myth employed is spuriously inflated. Mailer takes for granted the significance of myth, its totality and its demand that we submit to it. It is a fundamentally traditional use because, despite all the

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philosophical tricks and the meanderings of narrative, what is being presented is a profoundly private and closed system of thought, one which allows no space for issues to be taken.

There are seven books, each built up on a strand of the dialogue emanating from the mouth of Meni, the grandfather with such a developed taste for dung. The first, 'The Book of One Man Dead', is the most interesting. Not only does it hold the attention, but it expresses a peculiarly masculine sensibility in relation to old age and to death.

At this stage it is even possible to detect a note of feeling, of recognisably human sensation, on the part of the author. As he grapples with the enormity of the hideous prospect of disintegration, Mailer seeks to defuse the terror by controlling it within a litany:

He dribbled when He spoke. His seven emissions fell constantly to the earth, and the paths were covered with His earwax and His sweat, His urine, His turd, His snot, His semen and saliva.

From this point on the litanies hardly pause for breathing space. From brutality in battle to prowess in the harem, the dominant image resonating through all seven books is penetration.

Mailer may keep a low profile in this text but his personal mythology (or perhaps his Ka) is still lurking in the shadows. It is inevitable that the book will be seen as reflecting both the author's past obsessions and, of course, America today. If it does so, then it is an abominable America, an America of self-perpetuating, self-consuming phallocentric power run amok. My own response is to resist this warning, not so much because of its content but because of its wrathful tones, its mighty despair. Mailer pours forth his scorn with too much grandiosity and an excess of conceit.

IN ITS VERY modesty Aidan Higgins's **Bornholm Night-Ferry** stands in pleasant contrast to these indulgent scatologies. Its concern is a love affair between a Danish woman poet and an Irish novelist. Their relationship is conducted largely through an exchange of letters, which gives the book a curiously old-fashioned feel. It's about a passion based on distance, a love founded on a lack.

The book's main interest lies in the energy which motivates the communication, the desire continually to inform the other of the smallest details, the pleasure of describing whichever city you are in, what it looks like, how it feels.

This novel makes love less an act than a representation. Increasingly the eroticism becomes embodied in language, memory and travel rather than in sexuality itself. What *Bornholm Night-Ferry* is describing is the vital role that fantasy plays in everyday life — without necessarily interfering with the quotidian. If sex for Mailer is synonymous with whole-scale penetration, for Higgins it is a matter of slight, over-romanticised but nonetheless gentle poetics. □

New Statesman 17 June 1983



TELEVISION — 1
Nina Hibbin

Soapy women

'I SUPPOSE I should call you "Mzz",' says Seth, the gamekeeper, to Barbara, the Vicar's daughter, in *Emmerdale Farm* (ITV). It is his sly way of showing her that he knows she has spent the night with Joe, the farm under-manager, and is therefore tainted with those newfangled feminist ideas. And it is the scriptwriter's sly way of showing us that, although the villagers are by no means ignorant of the changing status of women, as far as they're concerned Victorian values rule OK.

'These young people live in a different world from us', says the Vicar. '*They don't even know they're doing wrong.*' It's Ma, though, sovereign lady of *Emmerdale*, who has the final word on moral issues, her brow puckering into a regal frown as she dispenses pearls of wisdom along with the soup. Her daughters-in-law may sometimes gain little breakaways from domesticity, but it is the image of Ma, back from holiday, eagerly swapping her coat for a pinny, which the series holds up as its unchallengeable ideal of womanhood.

The bright young women on the new Liverpool housing estate in Channel 4's twice-weekly *Brookside* present a very different image. Samantha refuses to compromise her independence by marrying Alan. Heather, determined to make her career count as much as her husband's, has been swotting for an accountancy exam. Schoolgirl Lucy has joined CND. The sultry young widow, Petra, has struck out against sexual harassment — and fulfilled many a secretary's fantasy — by telling her boss he's a fat, randy slob.

Every 'if', though, has so far been hedged by a 'but'. Petra couldn't have walked out of her job if she wasn't cushioned by an in-



Conflicting forces in 'S.W.A.L.K.' — militant group at school versus teen mag. dream

surance nest-egg. Heather's insistence on going her own way leads to her husband's traffic accident and a tearful bedside apology. It's hard to tell whether all this is meant to reflect the conflicting social pressures on today's real-life women or whether it depends on whose turn it is to write the script (four male writers in the period under review).

The women of *Coronation Street* (ITV) don't study or read books or join demos. Their main preoccupations are their work and the men — or lack of them — in their lives. But while the male characters are bone idle or crafty or bull-headed or sat-upon or just plain boring, the women, from Annie Walker, Iron Lady of the Rover's Return, to Hilda Ogden, lowliest in the Street but the one with the noblest aspirations, are outgoing, resilient and gutsy.

The factory women can always one-up Mike, their boss, by playing their Union hand, but in *Brookside* unionism is a strictly male preserve. *Brookside* hasn't been going long enough for the women's roles to be firmly defined. Any evening, you feel, one or other of them might cocoon herself in her wall-to-wall kitchen and re-emerge as a junior *Emmerdale* Ma. There is no such ambiguity about the *Coronation Street*

women. They are the decision-makers; the manipulators; the ones who call the shots. They have been going for so long and are so vividly portrayed that they seem to have outgrown their scriptwriters, who often underestimate the nature of the characters they have helped to create, and force them into belittling situations.

The *Coronation Street* women don't owe much to the present-day women's movement. They relate, rather, to the long-standing work traditions of the Lancashire cotton towns. But the script is at its best when it signals an awareness of the changing times.

When Mavis has to decide between 'trial marriage' with her self-absorbed boyfriend or no boyfriend at all, her face, never quite sure of its own shape, dissolves into an amorphous splodge as she tries to come to grips with yet another of those either-or situations in which soap opera is for ever ensnaring its characters.

'Who would have imagined, 20 years ago, that we'd even be sitting here talking about it?' says her pi friend Emily, and adds, 'It's all gone too fast for us' – a touching moment: two middle-aged women pressurised by obsolete conventions which they have at last learnt to question but still cannot defy.

There was defiance as well as questioning in the brilliant six-part series for teenagers *S.W.A.L.K.*, produced by Thames TV's Children's Department for Channel 4. Decked out like a mini soap opera, with a will-she won't-she ending to each episode, it dramatised the conflicting forces which compete for a schoolgirl's soul. Imaginative visual effects conjured up the lure of the men-marriage-motherhood ideal purveyed by teenage mags. A militant group at school injected the feminist vision.

The less-than-satisfactory example of the girl's own family was epitomised by an unusually grim evocation of domestic horror – her elder sister panicking in a small living-room draped with wet nappies; baby screaming; washing machine clacking; somebody at the door.

The bold women of *Coronation Street* belong to male as much as to female fantasies. *S.W.A.L.K.*, which grabbed the imagination of teenagers all over the country (they were watching in groups at schools and clubs as well as individually at home), was scripted by a woman (Paula Milne) and broke new ground by adopting a wholly female standpoint.

Before any recalcitrant male starts grumbling that this makes for one-sidedness, let him remember that half the viewers have to put up with the other-sidedness almost every time they push in a TV button. □

Among this week's contributors:

BARBARA HARDY is Professor of English at Birkbeck College, London. Her books include *The Appropriate Form: An Essay on the Novel and Tellers and Listeners: The Narrative Imagination*.

FAITH EVANS works part-time for Jonathan Cape. She co-edited *The Daughters of Karl Marx: Family Correspondence 1866-1898* (1982).

ART
John Spurling

Plain speaking

John Carter

Warwick Arts Trust, 33 Warwick Square,
London SW1

Phillip King

Juda Rowan Gallery, 11 Tottenham Mews,
London W1

Artist of the Day

Angela Flowers Gallery, June 13-24

John Carter and Phillip King are both alumni of the legendary New Generation shows at the Whitechapel in the mid-Sixties. But whereas King, eight years older than Carter, soon emerged as one of our leading sculptors, with a one-man show at the Whitechapel in 1968, an appearance the same year as Britain's representative (with Bridget Riley) at the Venice Biennale, and a grand retrospective at the Hayward in 1981, Carter is hardly known except to his fellow-artists. His mini-retrospective at the Warwick is something of a revelation, not so much for its individual pieces – strikingly original though many of them are – as for the consistency and authority of the whole. If Carter has felt neglected, it has not betrayed him into flailing about, jumping into other people's styles, 'experimenting' aimlessly in the sense of never developing beyond a starting-point. On the contrary, it seems to have fined him down from a light and charming Sixties' wit – inclined almost equally towards geometrical and 'Pop' motifs – into an exceptionally rigorous, though still witty, visual composer.

Carter's structures – they equivocate between painting and sculpture – are mostly made of plywood, painted in one or more colours, and, with the exception of one large, early piece, hung on the wall. The wall itself, or rather its neutral white surface, is enlisted as an integral element of the composition, just as the Caro school of sculptors, including Phillip King, have turned the floor and space of a gallery into a three-dimensional canvas. The philosophy underlying Carter's structures is indeed the same as theirs. Carter himself calls it 'plain-speaking' and it is best thought of in terms of language: a language of colour, shape and material.

It may at first sight seem more like playing tricks with perception than plain-speaking: is this a framed space or an object in space, a coloured shape or a shaped colour, an idea embodied in a thing or a thing transforming itself into an idea? Further, the constituent shapes are extremely simple – quadrilaterals, triangles and ellipses – and the colours quiet and subtle monotonies and harmonies rather than rainbows and dissonances – so that you could easily write them off as merely decorative. In fact these are not tricks at all, but

inventions – in the musical sense – within the strict limits of the chosen means and if they seem merely decorative it is because, paradoxically, they exclude altogether the kind of illusionism that we still instinctively expect from pictures, though not from music. We have got our terms all wrong, of course. What we call realism – the imitation in paint of real things, such as cows and meadows – might well be termed decorative illusionism, whereas what Carter is doing – putting real shapes and colours and intervals of space into calculated relationships with one another and playing them directly on to the perception is real realism, the acceptance that art, when you speak plainly, is an artificial language addressed to the mind through the eyes.

Phillip King's version of this real realism became distinctly dour during the Seventies. Abandoning the lighter, blatantly man-made, carefree materials of his youth – fibre-glass, aluminium, plastic, often richly painted in surprising colours – he took up with materials of an older, more 'natural', more earnest kind – rusted steel, steel mesh, hunks of slate, rope, timber, in their own uningratiating colours. The idea, presumably, was to bring a greater sense of the raw and rugged life outside into the somewhat hermetic ambience of an art gallery; but the effect was sometimes uneasy and occasionally pretentious.

In his latest work, at the Juda Rowan, King has reverted to artificial colour and to a greater openness of form, while retaining his heavy materials. The huge *Head* still proclaims its steeliness, but its surfaces are thickly coated, as if they had grown a deposit of moss or lichen, with dark, run-together colours; and within its mainly circular form the various shapes seem to leap, hang and slide as if water were cascading off them. The slightly more recent *Moonstruck* and *Spring-a-ling* go further. Both are made of heavy steel elements – the latter including steel-mesh and a pair of caterpillar tracks – but painted in the brilliant, artificial colours of King's earlier period and suggesting, the first a kind of Matisian flower-pot with a large cactus groping out of it towards the light and the second something between a plant and a machine, best described perhaps, like Carter's structures, in terms of language. It is a closely-packed set of metaphors – from the purple caterpillar tracks to the flame-coloured mesh to the green-and-blue open cylinder with its uncurling orange core – for barely contained, slowly bursting energy.

Immediately next door to the Juda Rowan, the Angela Flowers Gallery will be making an experiment over the next fortnight with a series of one-day stands. The idea is to provide a showcase – more substantial than the usual mixed exhibition – for ten young unknown artists, each of whom has been selected by an established artist. I'm not sure that artists make the best selectors, since they tend to prefer chips off the old block, but it's brave of a small private gallery to attempt, at the risk of the total exhaustion of its staff, what can normally be done only with public resources. □

THEATRE

Benedict Nightingale

Fiasco

Falkland Sound
Theatre Upstairs
Men Should Weep
ENA LAMONT STEWART *Stratford East*
Peer Gynt
IBSEN *Pit*

Election week; and everything that happened in the theatre seemed to have its wry relevance to the dire events unfurling offstage. Even Peer Gynt, with his commitment to ruthless capitalism, his ambition to be emperor of the world, and his eventual discovery of himself in the image of the onion without a centre, must have put others beside myself in mind of you-know-who, especially as he opened to the public the selfsame night you-know-who was securing her mandate. Elsewhere there was a grim and gritty reminder of precisely what recession and unemployment have meant to our people at a relatively recent period in their history, and a measured discussion of the piece of gunboat diplomacy that somehow, unbelievably, 150 years after such chauvinism and conceit began to go out of fashion, managed to brainstorm a losing government into a winning one.

Who can seriously defend Mrs Thatcher's South Atlantic adventure? Certainly, Lieutenant David Tinker of HMS *Glamorgan*, embodiment of that British decency and dedication to duty glorified by the war-machine then and exploited by Conservative propaganda since, increasingly found himself unable to do so. The first half of **Falkland Sound** consists of extracts from letters edited by his father and published by Junction Books and Penguin; and one of the things that makes them eloquent is that their author is an ordinary, even callow young man apparently committed to no party, no political cause, nothing except his wife, his parents, the Navy and the English countryside. In the beginning it is all 'terrific', 'very exciting'. Then the doubts set in, to intensify as it becomes evident no diplomatic solution will be reached. The war, Tinker and his comrades believe, is a hypocritical one, waged by a government bent on political survival and a prime minister whose fantasy is she's Churchill defying Hitler. Moreover, it is a 'military fiasco', conducted with poor intelligence and criminally inadequate air-cover by admirals ludicrously confident they are dealing with incompetent wogs. 'The whole business is nonsense', decides Tinker just before his death in action, 'I cannot think of a single war in British history which is more pointless.' Why not, he asks, give every Falklander £1 million and a home elsewhere, thus avoiding a permanent millstone

around our armed forces' collective neck?

Everything we here were called unpatriotic for thinking and prophesying was being thought and prophesied in the very heart of the Task Force, and with the authority that only direct experience can give. After this, the second half of the evening is bound to be an anticlimax, at least emotionally. On come a service wife, a journalist who covered the war, an Englishwoman who lived in the Falklands for 18 years, an Argentine wife resident in Britain, a bland Anglo-Argentinian businessman, to offer slants and insights edited by Louise Page from long, torpid interviews with their prototypes. Very well performed they are, however, and sometimes instructive too. A description of the hierarchical and divided society that prevails in the islands themselves struck me as especially damaging. Was *this* the way of life so many had to die to defend? What have we achieved except, in the journalist's words, 'a classic pyrrhic victory'? And yet Mrs Thatcher's government, so far from being execrated and hounded from office, is able to use the Falklands war as its prime subtext in an election, and win.

If you associate the old Unity movement with all that's doctrinaire, didactic and dull, try to catch 7:84's revival of one of its forgotten fruits, **Men Should Weep**. Considering it was written in 1947, when the British theatre as a whole was divided between commercial frippery and severe, sermonising minority drama, it is an astonishing piece of work: open-eyed, warm-hearted, scrupulously fair in its portrayal of Glasgow tenement life in the Thirties; willing to leave to us the identification of economic villains offstage, and unwilling to applaud the working class simply for being working-class. Indeed, so far from idealising its characters, it manages to be pretty biting about their sexism, drinking, violence, meanness and (perhaps above all) the endless, malevolent gossip of women who, in Giles Havergal's production, haunt the grey set like black vultures on a rock; and yet, at the same time, it invisibly makes you aware that such behaviour is not instinctual, not innate, but caused.

Elizabeth MacLennan brings great intensity to the main character, a Scots version of O'Casey's Juno: but I suppose the performance of the week must be Derek Jacobi's in **Peer Gynt**, wonderfully restless in youth, marvellously perplexed in old age, and making something suavely plausible of the improbable adventures between. Ron Daniels directs, with flair and pace.

DANCE

Stephanie Jordan

Bogged down

IT SEEMS today that every country needs a state airline and a ballet company. While there is no problem buying Boeings or even excellent dancers, there just don't seem to be enough choreographers to go round. Every company wants a new repertoire of its own, so subsidy purchases the recent product at the expense of tradition. Perhaps, too, audiences actually enjoy the amorphous, middle-of-the-road, ballet/modern pieces currently swamping Europe like a slow tide. Wallowing thus is Ballet Gulbenkian from Portugal.

Resident choreographer Vasco Wellenkamp's contribution to the first night's programme was a group celebration, to Portuguese guitar music by Carlos Paredes, and **Before Dawn**, a torrid duet and solos backed by a corps in the gloaming, oozing in and out of any number of disjointed positions. A frequent gimmick is to segment the self-important slog with unfathomable group puzzles. Then the dancers will wind over and around each other or convulse: isolated units in a moving mass.

The Time Before the Time After, the violent tribulations of two lovers by Lar Lubovitch, at least made its point; but Louis Falco's **Reunion in Portugal**, about an unpleasant character, and the family, retainers and soldiers who figure in his dreams, was an incomprehensible and soulless caper centred on a king-sized bed. The dancers are well-trained (the list of guest teachers is impressive), but the stage gloom doesn't allow you to see let alone identify any of them properly.

Werkcentrum Dans, a nine-strong Dutch company which carries programmes intended for adults or children has a more enlightened choreographic policy. American post-modern works by Bill T. Jones, Jim Self and David Gordon enliven an angst-ridden European selection. Gordon's **Big Eyes (second version)** is the latest stage in the collaborations between Werkcentrum and his own Pick Up Co. Although it is often humorous, there is a sinister note to

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The Ploughman's Lunch

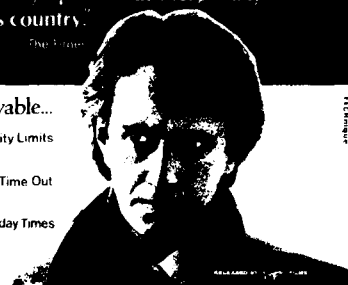
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the games and teamwork, the competitions which the dancers set themselves in a spirit of unquestioning obedience. Details of Gordon's face, notably eyes and smile, are projected, as are typed (and sometimes broadcast) instructions. Gordon, who rejects the title 'choreographer', intelligently likens himself to the watchful autocrat of 1984. Mauricio Kagel's ironic military band music periodically hammers home the totalitarian point. But the Gordon we have known seems remote. While the *Big Eyes* shown in Dance Umbrella 1981 was a spirited event, there's little attack now in the execution and little of the fast wit for which Gordon is renowned. It is hard not to draw comparisons with Extemporaneous Dance Theatre who make their Gordon construction **Counter Revolution** a marvel of enthusiastic theatre.

Jim Self, the oddball of the last Dance Umbrella, has given the company **Ricochet**, stages in world history marked by laconic titles like 'Death of a Queen' (images of pyramids, Egyptian loincloths – could that be Cleopatra in the centre?); 'Crazy Head' – a man in red cords and cowboy boots carries the nose cone, presumably of a nuclear warhead, for 'Dark Planet' (suggestions of annihilation) follows. Last year, Self's work contained much brilliant reference, idiosyncratic madness crystallised in powerful performance and bizarre costume. It is no mean feat for such a radical to take on a group of young dancers, talented and strong yet alien to his work, but the result is a mystifying frenzy, long and unmodulated.

In the second programme, dancer Ed Wubbe's piece exposes brutal male-female relationships and is aptly titled **Heavy Ground**. A note suggests that Dominique Boivin's **Champagne** attempts to capture the changing moods at occasions where champagne is drunk. There are hints of a clever eye for handling space and the evocation of party confrontations, but blocks of abstract motion and a promotional video of Rotterdam port don't inform the statement. Kathy Gosschalk, the company's director, gave us her **Different . . . Variable**, to the sound of breakers on pebbles and seagulls, its trio of two girls and a man posturing, cabriolling and wrestling with 30 feet of sail cloth. Definitely C-minus.

Molissa Fenley proposes the opposite of a repertory policy. An American individualist who has earned a reputation for perpetual prestissimo, she chooses to perform as a solo dancer in her own hour-long **Eureka**. Many-sectioned, it is generally slower than her earlier work but is similarly impressive, as the spectacle of someone glorying in huge effort must always be. Fenley is a fascinating mover as well, rhythmically disciplined, but also free to allow sensuality into her long skein of motion. Yet, though she might appear ecstatic in her virtuosity, the experience is ultimately internal, distancing the spectator.

Watching Fenley is rather like witnessing an ethnic dance ritual which, however superficially intriguing, refuses to yield all its purpose to the uninitiated. My fear is that, unlike the world's dance rituals, Fenley's art has little to disclose. □

FILMS John Coleman

Shadow-boxing

The Year of Living Dangerously (PG) Plaza

Pauline at the Beach (15) *Academy Two*
Father and Son (PG) ICA
Malou (15) *Gate, Bloomsbury*

Making a monkey out of history is nothing new in the cinema, but focusing the audience's prime attention on organ-grinders, i.e. foreign correspondents churning out their stuff, maybe is. Volker Schlöndorff's *Circle of Deceit* seemed to me a classic example of moral indelicacy, in that real bullets were flying around in Beirut as they filmed there; and yet we were supposed, rather, to summon up interest in the tedious self-doubts, marital as much as political, of Bruno Ganz's West German journalist. Now Peter Weir, who showed a confused flair for large-scale action sequences in his *Gallipoli*, takes on strife-torn Indonesia in 1965 in **The Year of Living Dangerously**, the first Australian film to be fully financed and distributed by a big American company, and again there is the assumption that the character development of an Aussie broadcaster, Guy (Mel Gibson), and his stormy affair with Jill (Sigourney Weaver), an attaché at the British Embassy in Jakarta, are of greater import than the complex and tragic events culminating in the coup and counter-coup of 30 September '65, whereby Suharto's repressive New Order was to come to power.

To be fair, Weir's action-spiced movie (where Guy's driving through a curfew barrier and hail of gunfire with a giggling, amorous Jill at his side, bravado out of Bond, is as 'exciting' as a well-mounted mass demo outside the US Embassy) tries to find breathing-space for subtler and more awkward aspirations: Guy's driver, shown sympathetically, turns out to be a member of the PKI, or Indonesian Communist Party. And there is, of course, the extraordinary mediating presence of New York actress Linda Hunt as the dwarf male photographer Billy Kwan, initially an admirer of Sukarno's balancing act, who befriends Guy, provides him with a scoop interview, attempts to open his eyes to the street and slum realities, and generally acts as a kind of well-intentioned puppet-master to the Aussie, right down or up to bringing him and Jill together. Billy is a very bold notion, brilliantly given tragic substance by Ms Hunt: alas, musing flowerily at his typewriter in voice-over, drawing lessons from some shadow-puppets (the film opens with these Javanese *wayang kulit* behind the credits and makes mystic play with silhouettes elsewhere), Billy is also a substantial pain in the arse. His hopes for Jill emerge thus: 'This is a

spirit like a wavering flame which only needs care to burn high.'

Old Jilly burns high for Guy, all right, and the romantic end finds her half-blinded lover joining her on a flight out. Or cop-out? Because, for all the gestures towards political goings-on, it's hard to feel Guy has really learnt much about a thoroughly bad scene, or that we have either. There are sharp satisfactions (cynical fellow-reporters, a passage in a decrepit Dutch villa in the mountains), but an early reprimand from Guy's boss casts its shadow over the whole enterprise. 'That wasn't news. That was travelogue.'

Eric Rohmer's **Pauline at the Beach**, third in his *Comédies et Proverbes* series, is pretty unalloyed delight for those who can stomach an unusual amount of dialogue along with the moving pictures. Set in and around another of those exquisitely right, time-out-of-time locations, late-summer Normandy sand, sea and vacationers' houses with rich gardens, it deals – as this new sequence tends to – with forms of misunderstanding, of self, of others, and of (unusually Feydeau for cool Rohmer) who's sleeping-with-whom.

Fifteen-year-old Pauline (appealing Amanda Langlet – where does Rohmer keep finding these splendid, collected girl-jeans?) is holidaying with her nice but posturing cousin Marion (Arielle Dombasle), a brittle blonde beauty, divorced and chattering on about mutual, eternal love against all the evident odds offered by her flirtatious vulnerability.

Her words are a smoke-screen for what she is *au fond*; and Pauline watches with some resignation as she chucks herself at, and into love and bed with, cynical Henri (Feodor Atkine), an ethnologist with more than one woman in every port. Making up the sextet are tedious, jealous Pierre (Pascal Gregory), a handsome ex-flame of Marion's; Sylvain (Simon de la Brosse), a teenage pick-up of Pauline's; and Louise (Rosette), an amiably promiscuous girl who sells sweets and such on the beach. Marvellous touches of the ridiculous, such as Pierre's absurd costume for windsurfing, and of the heartfelt, as Pauline suffers from another's notion of honour among men, spike through the relentlessly talked-out complications of plot. Yes, it is very French in both its studied and its incautious loquacity, but, under Rohmer's onion-peeling guidance, it is uniquely and wittily revealing.

Tersely recommended, with reservations, Hong Kong director Allen Fong's first (1981) feature, **Father and Son**, which impressionistically touches in the appalling stresses of the title's relationship: dad, an underpaid clerk, determined his feckless young lad shall have a good education and prepared to sacrifice his two elder daughters to, respectively, a wealthy husband and a nursing job, to that end; and Jeanine Meerapfel's debut, also 1981, **Malou**, a decidedly odd piece, with flaring moments, about a Berlin architect's sad, erratic wife in search of her mother's Nazi-exiled past and last days in Argentina and alcohol. Both films suffer from their proximity to autobiography but may well have helped to clear the heir for better things. □

Cuts

DOMINANT IMAGE of the week, plugged in the *Observer* magazine as well as on BBC-1's *The Visit*, was that of David Lopez, Campa Indian boy from the Upper Amazon, the centre of whose face was eaten away by Noma syndrome, then replaced by a Scottish surgeon who has become his foster father.

The first time Ian Jackson saw David in the waiting room of a Lima hospital there was a lollipop sticking out of his forehead. It was being sucked by his elongated tongue a millimetre away from his brain. 'Deformed people are objects of amusement or evil', said Desmond Wilcox, in case any TV viewer should be unaware of the fact. I was waiting to see which David would be, but his courage and good humour made him neither. 'When a mind like his shines through, it's like Cyrano de Bergerac,' said an airline pilot showing him round his cockpit. 'As soon as he starts speaking those magnificent lines you forget about his nose.' It wasn't a bad line itself.

David has had 50 operations to date and is due for 50 more, but all was forgiven when he understood that he was to have a nose: 'Will it be a big one?' he hoped. 'It stops you feeling pride ever again', said his foster-mother; 'David hasn't got an image to project on a physical level.' It wasn't strictly true, as her husband bore witness:

If someone looks at David in a lift, I say 'What's the problem?' I think one should challenge people. I'm more understanding about Downs syndrome now. I don't mind operating to make them better looking. Not for them, for the family.

Via tubes of flesh, rib bones have become David's jaw, chest muscles his palate. 'Prosthesis (plastic grafts) are OK for older people', says Jackson, 'but young people get knocked about. They get involved with romance and at times like that you don't want your nose falling off.' It seems certain that David will be grateful for this consideration one day.

Ray Brennan, author of *Tansey Lambert Is Dead OK?*, was promised his play would go out in a young people's slot on C4, only to find it relegated to a late-night position. 'Tansey was written for young people who would normally switch off a TV play, I can therefore only assume that the intention is to dissuade them from watching it . . .' Upsets 'n' outrage and I get my first video cassette, delivered to my door from the play's director Jon Sanders, in case 11pm on a Monday night is past my bedtime. Sanders was sacked by C4 last year following a film he did about unionising the unemployed. He refused to sanction various cuts, and Keith

Allen, the show's presenter, walked out in sympathy. As Andy Warhol once observed, the best bits of films are always the bits they cut.

The present play is Brechtian, a posthumous monologue spoken to camera, with fine unrealistic lighting and stark images. But I suspect the much-courted youth audience may have glanced away before the action, which was minimal, got going. The character of Tansey is a TV regular: 'I got the sack for nicking stuff on a YOP scheme so I had to sign on. I spent me days watching the ads on telly because I didn't have a job to make the money to buy the things they were advertising. Go to jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect £200.' See what I mean? While in Borstal, Tansey's loyalty is divided between a black friend and a screw who is the local National Front enthusiast.

Tansey has his lyrical passages but he has to be dim enough to listen to this clown, whose presence in a Borstal, rather than anything to do with bad language, was surely the cause of the play's displacement into the night, although Tansey does die sticking up for his black friend.

So what was it like? According to the author, it's hard to say if you aren't young. 'Had he been writing for a conventional drama slot', says Sanders, 'he would have written something very different.' Had I been a teenager, I think I would have preferred to be treated as an adult on this occasion. Still, it wasn't bad.

AT THE END of his agile delineation of Surrealism in *The Shock of the New* (BBC-2) Robert Hughes touched with some disdain on the watered down surrealism of Flower Power in the Sixties. He wouldn't have said the surrealism of the Variety Club of Great Britain's celebration at the Hilton, *This is Your Lunch* (BBC-1), was watered down; not if he'd seen Princess Anne sitting next to Dean Martin, whose birthday it was. First to speak was a panicky vicar who happened to be a fan of Martin's. Martin listened and seemed to go into shock. Next came Tommy Cooper, aided by a waiter who kept trying to clear away his place. 'We've all got to be out of here in ten minutes', he said, 'there's another lot waiting to eat. I'm not over-acting am I?' Later he did a trick: 'Glass, bottle; bottle, glass.' (Pours and drinks.) 'When they ask me if I always drink whisky neat I say no, sometimes I let my shirt hang out.' To himself: 'I wonder what happened to the Eye-tie who used to do the singing.'

Finally, it was Martin's turn to do a forfeit. 'After what's gone before I wouldn't give this spot to a leopard.' The programme ended appropriately just as he opened his mouth to sing.

'I as a government aim to persuade you . . .', yelled Mrs Thatcher at one point last week, as someone else was saying, 'You too can be a super-bitch! Find out how in the Sun!'

'The new cabinet will be named on Sunday', said Jan Leeming. 'They will mate for the first time on Tuesday.' God protect us from their progeny. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2775

Set by G. L. Jessop

A verse profile, please, of any (named) member of Mrs Thatcher's cabinet. Max. 16 lines, by 1 July.

No 2772

Set by Peter Alexander

Animals' lesser known habits.

Report

By Jeff Squiffy

Extra marks to those of you who cited learned sources, such as *Pears Cyclopaedia* or *The Observer's Book of Farm Animals*. Not much Ogden Nashery on view, but high-grade stuff all the same. An hon mensh to Rachel Burnett; with Newtons to those printed.

The praying mantis's erotic habits
In some ways are akin to those of rabbits:
Promiscuous, unceasing, hot, lubricious
And yet — in one respect, at least — more vicious.
For — so the entomologists relate —
Catastrophe ensues when couples mate.
The female mantis, sexually replete,
At once feels (don't we all?) the urge to eat,
And, lacking any other source of food,
Consumes the father of her future brood.
Imagine both his pleasure and his pain —
To 'die' in bliss, and then to die again!
All *macho* mantises who get their oats
Must disappear down ravenous deep throats
Recalling, as they do, what Kipling said.
But what avail is Kipling when you're dead?

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

When the Vietnam Pot-Bellied Pig
Chases females it's not to play tig,
There's a hell of a row
When the Pot-Bellied Sow
Gets a spot of the old jig-a-jig.
Soon the Pot-Bellied piglets arrive,
Then the Pot-Bellied Pig will contrive
To get drunk as a coot
On the overripe fruit
In the orchards of Phom Poem Rhyve.
With a mouth like a Hoover's inside
He will weave his way back to his bride,
Then that Pot-Bellied swine
Off her nipples will dine
Rudely pushing his offspring aside.

GERRY HAMILL

Though the much berhymed dove is the type of
true love
In fact it's *mutabile semper*
And the symbol of peace is inclined to release
Tornadoes of vicious ill-temper,
While the wolf is a spouse who is true to his vows
And lives in monogamous virtue,
Nor with whistles besets attractive wolfettes,
And would never deliberately hurt you.
Unjustly maligned by the bulk of mankind,
The wolf should be valued above
(Yes, greatly preferred to) that poisonous bird,
The faithless, belligerent dove.

MARY HOLTBY

The venereal habits
Of rabbits
Are odious.
In the commodious
Burrows of downtown
Watership Down
Lurk flop-eared pimps and madams
(*pace* Richard Adams).

PETER NORMAN

FIRST PERSON



Jeremy
Lewis

Not
cut
out

UNTIL I WAS in my early 20s I froze with fear whenever I heard the telephone ringing, lurking in the lavatory or feigning sudden deafness as the fiendish bell rang on and on, sweat beading the brow and the heart pulsing like a steam-hammer. If eventually cornered I was seized with panic, unable to recognise the voice at the other end despite its owner's increasingly irate efforts at identification, and more than usually torpid in the higher regions of the brain. Even now, as a gnarled veteran of office life, I still leap from my chair as the shrill rasping of the phone wakes me from reverie or slumber, and find myself as baffled and incoherent as ever when confronted with a disembodied, wasp-like voice; and my ancient dread of being overheard making a fool of myself over the wires still causes me to seal all doors as firmly as possible before embarking on a call of my own.

All of which brings me to my first experience of office life. In the late Fifties advertising was a profession much esteemed by the trendies of the day: thinking men were reading *The Hidden Persuaders* and discussing subliminal advertising with the same pleasurable indignation they would later bring to bear on aerosol sprays, and ambitious youths in bow ties dreamt passionate dreams of coining even finer slogans than

'Go to Work on an Egg' or 'Drink a Pinta Milka Day'. Ever a fashionable figure, I found myself a job in one of our leading advertising agencies. It was a friendly enough place, peopled by designers in mauve shirts and thrusting account executives with Oxford degrees who spent a great deal of time telling each other how essential advertising was to the health of the nation, and how their posters for beer or bras brightened the lives of the deprived inhabitants of Rotherham and Rotherhithe.

The first six months of my business career were spent as a messenger boy; and since I disliked responsibility, enjoyed poking round public buildings, and liked nothing better than reading or daydreaming on the upper decks of extremely slow-moving buses, this proved an ideal way of life. If a can of film needed to be collected from Wardour St or a printing block delivered to Fleet St, I would be summoned by a lethargic old gentleman in grey overalls and off I would set, with *Martin Chuzzlewit* in my pocket and, with luck, a major snarl-up at Oxford Circus a mile or two down the road. My mission accomplished, I would inspect a church or a gallery before strolling gently back to the office. The old codger seemed agreeably undismayed by the length of time it took me to complete the simplest of errands. On one particularly strenuous day I took the train out to Thames Ditton and spent the afternoon touring Hampton Court, returning to the office with apologetic talk of massive derailments at Waterloo.

TO MY DISMAY, I was eventually promoted upstairs for my first real taste of office life. My colleagues were amiable fellows who spent much of the day playing cricket between the desks with rulers and screwed-up balls of paper. I politely declined the offer of a turn at the wicket (a waste-paper basket) and eagerly opened my

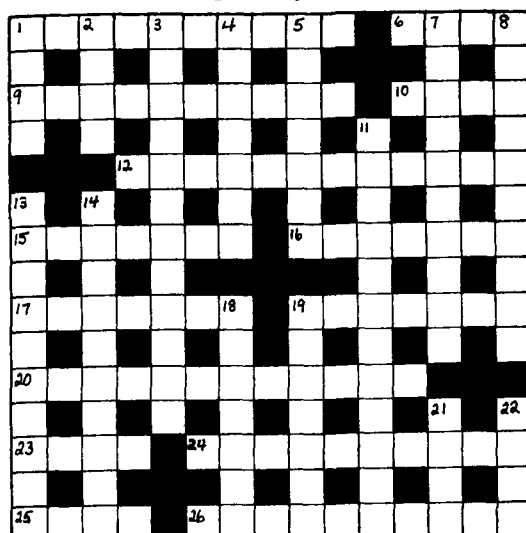
copy of *Dombey and Son* — at which the boss's door flew open, and he crossly ordered me to put my book away on the grounds that this wasn't a public library. The cricketers played on undisturbed, and I was reduced to writing out lists of Dickens characters on my blotter.

Very occasionally, we were asked to do some work; and, to my horror, I realised that this could well involve my old enemy, the telephone. Anxiously I volunteered to cut advertisements out of old newspapers and gum them into a scrapbook, since the room in which this important work took place had no telephone; nimbly I dodged out of the office as soon as the phone began to shake, and strode purposefully away down the corridor. But Nemesis can't be dodged for ever, and eventually I was ordered to ring the *Daily Mail* and book space for an advertisement. Ashen with fear and quailing under the gaze of the cricketers — for whom the telephone was an old and valued friend — I found myself talking such incoherent gibberish to the switchboard lady at the *Mail* that I had to ring off and try again when the trembling in my limbs had subsided.

One day my boss summoned me and asked me what I was reading and how I was spending my evenings. Had I been a cricketer I would have answered at once (truthfully or not) that I was getting a great deal out of *The Rise of the Meritocracy* and that I'd just clocked into an evening course at the London College of Printing. As it was I thought hard before explaining that I'd just finished *The Old Curiosity Shop* and was keenly looking forward to *Barnaby Rudge*, and that reading these substantial volumes took up most of my spare time as well. With a kindly sigh he explained that perhaps I wasn't really cut out for the competitive cut-and-thrust of advertising; perhaps my talents lay elsewhere? Office life lay behind me — for a good many years at least. □

Weekend Crossword 1404

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1404, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 28 June.



ACROSS

1. Newly evaluate a paper different in origin. (10)
6. Bird twice goes after one. (4)
9. Restraint shown by a leftist when back in action. (10)
10. The knight without had a party. (4)
12. Means of regular travel without payment in main group. (6,6)
15. Greek for a man without a woman. (7)
16. Kind of locks which make a harder one to undo. (3,4)
17. Type article for people like William. (7)
19. European discovers point in caring madly. (7)
20. PM with sound defences provides domestic relief. (4,8)
23. Penguins' walk. (4)
24. Where my French claret is served free with the duck. (5,5)
25. The climax is an animal kiss. (4)
26. The comfort of a suit for a pansy. (10)

DOWN

1. Capital for loveless lover. (4)
2. Young officer has young girl's heart. (4)
3. An artist is about to make a cut in the money given for persistence. (12)
4. An entertainer in the part is terribly embarrassing. (7)
5. There is nothing in a funny person or eccentric don. (7)
7. Dark girl used by the law. (5,5)
8. Carol about the subject has little knowledge. (10)
11. It is nonsense to give good marks to the instruments. (12)
13. Something to wear when it is cold in the country. (10)
14. Language used in an earlier love story. (3,7)
18. I don't know who twists the noose around me. (7)
19. To glare strangely, as one who exults maliciously. (7)
21. Time's up over a space. (4)
22. European measure. (4)

SET SQUARE

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487

Deadline for ads — Normally noon
Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates Lineage: for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal — £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications — £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service — U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. — £21.90). Special rate for charities — £6.30 per s.c.c. (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to:
CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN,
14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex — 284999.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

LIBRARIAN required immediately by International Transport Workers' Federation based London, SE1

Will be responsible for maintaining and running small specialised library consisting of books and other printed material in several languages dealing mainly with transport industry and transport labour. Experience and adaptability more important than formal qualifications. The candidates should have O-level education or equivalent in English, Geography and two of the following languages: French, German, Spanish or Swedish.
We offer four weeks annual leave, contributory pension scheme and a starting salary of **£6,865 per annum** including holiday bonus for a 35-hour week.

Please telephone Mrs Leigh 01-403 2733

Researcher

Credo, the ITV Network's weekly current affairs programme dealing with moral and religious issues, requires a **RESEARCHER**.

Candidates should have experience in print or broadcast journalism, a high level of proven ability and interest in (though not necessarily experience of) moral and religious affairs.

Applicants should write (marking the envelope Credo), explaining clearly and at length why they consider themselves qualified for this position, to Helen Auty, London Weekend Television, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1 9LT.

An equal opportunities employer

LWT

London Weekend Television

Confederation of Health Service Employees

Press Officer

Salary £10029 × £480 × 2 —
£10989 plus
£870 London Weighting
£300 Unsocial hours allowance
and car

COHSE is Britain's leading health service union, with a membership of over 240,000 spread throughout the grades and professions in the NHS. We attach a high priority to effective and professional use of the media to further the union's aims and objectives and require an experienced Press Officer to take over responsibility for running the union's busy press office.

The Press Officer is responsible for ensuring maximum coverage in the media for the union's policy and campaigns, and other union events and achievements. The post holder will be expected to undertake work on his or her own initiative as well as to work closely with senior negotiating officers, and other specialist officers.

The particular skills which candidates will be expected to possess include writing/issuing press releases, liaising with national, regional and local journalists, arranging press conferences and radio/TV interviews, monitoring press coverage and using news agencies. The successful candidate must also be a member of the National Union of Journalists. Experience in the health and social services field and/or trade unions would be an asset.

Six weeks annual leave and ten public holidays. Contributory superannuation scheme. Applications in writing, including curriculum vitae, samples of written press work and the names of two referees to The General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey, SM7 2LH not later than Monday 20 June 1983.

Britain's Health Service Union

Youthaid DIRECTOR

Youthaid, the national research and pressure group campaigning for the young unemployed, wishes to appoint a new Director.

The Director will lead a small but highly effective team of six, engaged in a programme of research and publicity work, covering many aspects of unemployment and employment, particularly related to youth; liaise with voluntary and community organisations, politicians, civil servants and young people throughout the country; provide a news and advice service for the media; and negotiate Youthaid's general and contracted research funding.

Candidates should be people of exceptional energy, imagination and clear-headedness, with the ability to maintain a high public profile, develop policy, relate to other organisations and public bodies, and speak persuasively in public.

Salary on Civil Service Principal Scale (currently £13,132-£17,168).

Please send detailed curriculum vitae, no later than 1 July 1983, to: The Director, Youthaid, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG.

GLC

Working for London

— Industry and Employment Branch — Assistant to the Director £15,096 — £16,776

The Council wishes to appoint a senior officer to assist the Director of Industry and Employment in co-ordinating the work of his Branch as well as carrying out research on the London Industrial Strategy.

As well as having relevant research experience applicants should possess good administrative and organisational skills gained ideally in a research environment. Experience of working with trade unions and/or community groups would be a distinct advantage.

The Salary indicated is inclusive of London Weighting.

For further details and an application form, which must be returned by 7th July 1983, write to the Director-General's Department, GD/AE/P/101EPG, Greater London Council, Room 203, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1527.

The GLC welcomes applications from all sections of the community, irrespective of an individual's sex, ethnic origin, colour or sexual orientation and from people with disabilities who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

A vacancy exists for an Assistant in this department whose work includes: Industrial Relations, Trade Union Structure, Manpower Policy and Equal Opportunities. Scope of work includes the preparation of documents, committee administration, and representation of the TUC at trade union and other meetings.

Applications are invited from persons with a commitment to Trade Unionism and relevant experience or qualifications. An interest in women's employment issues would be useful.

The salary scale rises in even annual steps from £8,977 to £11,865 including London Weighting.

If you are interested please write, quoting reference IR2, for further details and an application form to:

The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS. Closing date 1 July 1983.

The TUC is an Equal Opportunities Employer

BANKING INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION

Appointment of

TRADE UNION ORGANISER - Scottish Area

The Banking Insurance and Finance Union is appointing an additional organiser for the Scottish area, and therefore applications are invited from persons with suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the position.

Commencing salary £8,358 per annum on scale rising to £9,321 per annum. The successful applicant will be based on the Union's Scottish Office. Car provided. Good holidays and conditions of service.

For application form and job description please write to: John James, National Organiser, BIFU, 55 Charles Street, Cardiff CF1 4ED.

All application forms to be completed and returned by THURSDAY 7 JULY 1983.

MAKE NEWS WITH CAMDEN

A London borough with policies as radical as Camden's can't help making news.

But to our way of thinking, there's a vital distinction between merely making news and creating it. Between a public relations strategy that skilfully anticipates events, and one that's little more than a string of ad hoc reactions. And between an electorate that gets news of what we're doing direct from us, rather than second hand.

With those thoughts in mind, we're now looking for a Chief Public Relations Officer who can genuinely communicate with our public, and who is able to estimate the news value of our activities, and express it in a positive and constructive way, either through the media, or directly through our own publications which will soon include our own magazine.

Above all, we must find a man or woman whose own personality and professionalism will provide a strong reference point for all our public relations activities.

At a detailed level, you'd be responsible for planning and executing all public information campaigns, both

local and national; advising council officers and members on press relations; and keeping the council informed of possible press and public reactions. In addition, you'd manage a department which already has a dedicated team of communications specialists producing effective, high-quality material.

To succeed in the role, you'll need to have a complete understanding of how the news media covers topical issues, and an equal understanding of the workings of local authorities or other public sector organisations. You'll be a talented and effective journalist in your own right, and you'll certainly be in sympathy with our policies, and with the ways in which we're trying to communicate them.

The salary is in the range £14,547 - £16,761 p.a. (incl. L.W.A.) The challenge the job represents can't be quantified.

For an application form and further details, contact the Controller of Personnel Services, Town Hall, Euston Road, London NW1, or phone 01-278 4444, extension 2757. Please quote reference 1A/318/NS. Closing date: 1st July 1983.



CAMDEN

An equal opportunity employer

Applicants are considered on the basis of their suitability for the post, regardless of sex, race, marital status or disablement.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

British Section

requires VOLUNTEERS to work for campaign team in Central London offices. Secretarial/Research/Menial.

For details:
Tel. Joy Turner 01-836 5621

OV SELECTION CATERERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

STAND, international literary magazine, requires young person with a committed and lively interest in contemporary literature to act as sales representative and editor through UK colleges and universities, starting 1 September (or earlier). Monthly fee plus commission. Accommodation provided. Driving licence an asset. Phone MIKE BLACKBURN (0832) 733280 or 812614. Or write: Stand, 179 Wingrove Road, Newcastle on Tyne NE4 9DA.

Fellowship

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL. Epping, St John's School (mixed comprehensive, pupils 11-18 years). Applications are invited from published writers of prose and poetry for an Arts Council Writer's Fellowship tenable for one year from September. Remuneration £7,750. Further particulars from Headmaster, St John's School, Tower Road, Epping, Essex CM16 5EN. Closing date for applications 24 June 1983. SAE please.

Courses

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers summer study programmes in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are Italian language courses at all levels, Italian Renaissance lecture courses and Drawing courses. Splendid library and premises in central Florence. Accommodation arranged if required.

Prospectus and full details from:

David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

LEARN TO TEACH ENGLISH (EFL)

This Summer

ONE WEEK
RESIDENTIAL COURSES
AT KENT UNIVERSITY
CANTERBURY

The Course Objective:
To give you a practical and thorough introduction to Teaching English as a Foreign Language in one week

From £90 inc VAT

Nancy Scott, Pilgrims Training Courses, 8 Vernon Place, Canterbury, Kent CT1 3YQ. (0227) 68127

Appointments

TUTOR – COMMONWEALTH TUC

The Commonwealth Trade Union Council (Charitable Trust) is seeking to appoint a tutor to prepare and direct training courses for trade unionists from developing countries. The work would involve the preparation of courses and educational materials, as well as teaching overseas trade unionists and assisting with their programmes. The tutor would be based at the CTUC Office, Congress House, London. Some experience of developing countries would be valuable.

The appointment, will be for an initial period of three years.

Salary and conditions correspond to an assistant grade at the TUC (£8,999, £11,865.60.)

Applications, including cv, by 4 JULY 1983 to:

Carl Wright – Director
Congress House, Great Russell Street
LONDON WC1B 3LS
Telephone: 01-631 0728/01-636 4030

CTUC

Commonwealth Trade Union Council

CHARTERED SOCIETY OF PHYSIOTHERAPY

Applications are invited for the post of

ASSISTANT INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS OFFICER

The CSP, with 20,500 subscribing members, is the independent trade union and professional organisation for physiotherapists. Its trade union role has been significantly expanded in recent years to meet the increased demand for these services.

Based at CSP headquarters, this is the vital 'anchor' post for the busy IR department. The varied and interesting work mainly involves: advice on national agreements; answering enquiries from members; preparation of pay claims; organisation of training courses for stewards and safety representatives; production of newsletters for members; and some negotiation.

The ability to organise and systematically administer a department with its support staff is essential. Qualifications and experience should be appropriate to these responsibilities.

Salary: £8,401-£10,022, inc. London Weighting (NHS administrative scale C004).

Job descriptions and application forms available from: **Phillip Gray, Senior Industrial Relations Officer, Chartered Society of Physiotherapy, 14 Bedford Row, London WC1R 4ED.** (Tel. 01-242 1941).

Closing date for completed applications: 4 July 1983.

Cyngor Celfyddydau Cymru Welsh Arts Council

Applications are invited for the post of

DIRECTOR

of the Welsh Arts Council as the present postholder will be retiring on 31 March 1984.

The Director is the Chief Executive of the Council, based in Cardiff, and is responsible for the administration and management of the Council's business within the framework of policy, advised by subject committees and agreed by Council.

Emphasis is placed on the ability to manage the Council's staff and to speak publicly for the Council on its various activities. Managerial and administrative experience coupled with a knowledge and understanding of the arts is essential.

The appointment is initially for a period of five years with the possibility of an extension at the end of that time. The salary is on a scale from £19,243 to £23,159 per annum. The post carries 25 days holiday and the Council has a non-contributory pension scheme.

Please write to the Chairman, Welsh Arts Council, 9 Museum Place, Cardiff CF1 3NX, for a detailed job description and application form. The closing date for the receipt of applications is 20 July 1983 and interviews are expected to be held in the second half of September 1983.

LISTINGS

FRI 17 JUNE

BRADFORD Free Nelson Mandela and all South African political prisoners! 24 hour picket called by Bradford Anti-Apartheid. 5.30pm-5.30pm, Sat. 18 June. Outside Provincial House, Bradford city centre. All support welcome. Org. **Bradford Anti-Apartheid Group, c/o Starry Plough Bookshop, 6 Edmund Street, Bradford 5.**

LONDON 80th Birthday tribute to Lennox Berkeley, 'Castaway' and 'A Dinner Engagement', staged for the first time as he intended as a double bill, by Trinity Opera at the Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street, London, WC1, 7.30pm. Also Sat. 18 June. Box Office 01-387 9629.

LONDON Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1. New York Shakespeare Festival in Joseph Papp's production of 'Buried Inside Extra' by Thomas Babe. Previews at 8pm. Mon. eves. all seats at £2. Bking: 01-730 1745.

LONDON Troops Out Movement SuperCombo (African high-life music from Sierra Leone) at Chat's Palace, 42/44 Brooksbys Walk, Haverhill, E9. Bar/bookstall/displays. Adm. £2.50/£1.50 unwaged. Benefit in aid of East London branch of T.O.M.

GLASTONBURY CND Peace Festival begins. Weekend tickets £14 (£12 in advance) from 'Glastonbury CND Festival', 11 Goodwin St, N4 3HQ. Cheques: 'Glastonbury CND Festival'.

BRITTON 'bout uman rites' – renowned Jamaican poet and literary critic Mervyn Morris re-reading Oku Onuora, 8pm in Basement, 165 Raiton Road, SE24. Org. **Creation for Liberation.** Details: 01-737 2268.

BIRMINGHAM CND Rally, 7.30pm, Digbeth Civic Hall. Spkr Joan Ruddock.

SAT 18 JUNE

BRADFORD 'No to slave labour'. Mass Demonstration and Rally in support of Asian Textile Workers' strike at Aire Valley Yarns Ltd. Assembly 3pm, Coal Hill Lane, Farsley, Pudsey. Org. **Aire Valley Yarns Workers' Support Comm., 34 Dirkhill Street, Bradford 7.** Details of coaches from London: 'Race Today' 01-737 2268 or Southall Monitoring Group 01-843 0343.

CROYDON 'Ian and Friends', Family Variety and puppet cabaret. 11am, Croydon Warehouse Theatre. Adults £1.30, Children 70p. Temp. membs. 10p. 62 Dingwall Road. Details 01-460 6080.

LONDON 'Labour Movement Campaign for Palestine' – weekend school. 11am County Hall, SE1. Spks incl Avishai Erlich 'The Zionist State', Moshe Machover 'Labour Zionism'. Sunday: Speakers School and Discns involving reps from other solidarity orgs. Details: **Andrew Hornung, LM28, 26 Carlton Mansions, Holmleigh Rd, N16.**

Coventry CND Disco. 8.30pm. Colin Campbell, Jordan Well. Tickets from 'Wedge' £1, or contact **Chris Comer, Coventry 667453.**

GREENWICH branch of the Communist Party of Gt Britain Marx Centenary Celebration, 1-5pm, Kidbrooke House, Mycenae Road, SE3. Debate: Marxism in the '80s. Entertainment, exhibition, films, stalls, food. Adm. £1.50/Free to unwaged and under fives. Details: **Frances Hook (eves) 01-853 2587 or Ben Matley (days) 01-858 0338.**

SUN 19 JUNE

LONDON 'Aesthetics after Modernism'. 11am Library Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, WC1. Spkr Peter Fuller. Org. **South Place Ethical Society.**

MON 20 JUNE

LONDON Buckminster Fuller will speak at 6pm at Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W1. Tickets and details from **RIBA Events Office, 01-580 5533.**

TUES 21 JUNE

STOKE NEWINGTON 'If you love this planet' directed by Dr Helen Caldicott. 8pm, Lewsin Road Community Centre (the old fire station), Lewsin Rd, N16. Adm free. Org. **Stoke Newington CND.** Details: **Dave Martindale, 01-600 9000, ext 2324 (day).**

BATTERSEA 'Defended to death?' – issues in Nuclear Armament and Disarmament. Course org BATTERSEA CND. Tonight: 'The nuclear fuel cycle and the spread of nuclear weapons'. 7.30-9.30pm Junction Resource Centre, 248 Lavender Hill, SW11. Details: **Harry Zutshi, 01-675 1913.**

OXFORD 'The New Right, Sexual Morality & Family Policy'. Seminar/Workshop. Spks Miriam David, Prof. A. H. Halsey, Kay Carmichael. 10-5pm, Elvin Room, Ruskin College, Walton Street. Details and registration: **Desmond Bell 0865 54331.**

WED 22 JUNE

LONDON British Aid to Zimbabwe. Spkr Robin Byatt (until recently British High Commissioner in Harare). 6.30pm Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. Membs. free, others 50p. Joint meeting Britain Zimbabwe Soc. and Africa Centre. Org. **Britain Zimbabwe Society.** Details: 01-240 2844.

LONDON 'Myth Perceptions' – exploring how perceptions distort and how myths are formulated, persist and are sustained, especially in the area of how we view the Soviet Union. Spks Sir John and Lady Whitmore. Last in a series of summer talks on Wed. eves., 6.30pm, St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. Org. **DUNAMIS.** Details: **Nigel Pearce, 01-437 6851.**

FRI 24 JUNE

NATIONWIDE National Arts Day. An occasion for everyone to participate in arts events across the country. Local details from LAs, trades councils, tourist boards, arts assoc., theatres & libraries, etc. Details for organisers/central info. on events: **Artsday, 3 Earl Road, London SW14 7JH. 01-876 2161.**

FORTHCOMING

25 JUNE Birmingham Mobilising Conference against new Civil Defence Regulations, 10.30am-1pm, County Hall, Brum. Orgs. **West Midlands CND, WM TUC & WM County Council.** Regs. & Details: **David Lewis, WM Region CND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, B'ham 5. 021-632 6905.**

25 JUNE Banbury First George Orwell Memorial Lecture. 7.30pm, Banbury Town Hall. Spkr Prof. Bernard Crick. Details: **Joyce Aydon, Banbury 720124.** Org. **Banbury Labour Party.**

25 JUNE London 'Plastic bullets': a working conference to launch and plan campaign activities. Spks incl Arthur Latham, Richard Balfie, Steve Bundred. Creche. 1-5pm, County Hall, SE1. Org. **Labour Committee on Ireland.** Details and registration: **Box 42, 136 Kingsland High Road, E8.**

25 JUNE Manchester Co-operatives Trades Fair at Piccadilly Plaza Exhibition Hall, 10-5pm. Org. **Greater Manchester Co-operative Development Agency, 061-832 4300.**

25/26 JUNE London National Radical Nurses Conf. 'Causes of Ill Health'. 10-5 at 'Inter-Action', 15 Wilkin St, NW5. £1 per day includes some food. Accom., creche, wheelchair access. Details: **Karen, 01-671 1233; Michelle, 01-607 1044; Pat, 01-481 9319.**

25 JUNE London Marx with Spax – mammoth festival at Alexandra Palace. Org. **Communist Party.** Details and tickets: **Nina Temple, 01-251 4406.**

26 JUNE London 'Support the struggle against apartheid, racism and colonialism in South Africa'. Public meeting, 2.30pm, Westminster Cathedral Conference Centre, Morpeth Terrace, SW1. Spks from ANC, SWAPO and International guests. Org. **ANC, PO Box 38, 28 Penton St, N1.**

26 JUNE RAF Cottesmore, nr Oakham, Leics. Picnic at training base for Tornado – Britain's new nuclear bomber. 2-5pm. Details: **Leicester CND 0533-57228.**

28 JUNE Deptford 'Release Nelson Mandela! Victory to the ANC!' Public meeting, 7.30pm, Room 5, Albany Community Centre, Douglas Way. Adm. 20p. Org. **S. London Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism!, BM Box 4835, WC1N 3XX.**

29 JUNE Camden 'Marxism and the Labour Movement' – the second Fred Tonge Memorial Lecture (postponed because of general election). Spkr Ralph Miliband. 8pm, Douglas Hyde Hall, Irish Centre, Camden Square (nr Camden tube). Org. **St Pancras and Holborn Labour Party.**

4-8 JULY INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S BLOCKADE AT GREENHAM COMMON AIR-BASE 'Arms are for Linking – together we can stop Cruise'. Details: **July 4 Action, Greenham Office, 5 Leonard Street, London, EC2.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

THEATRE

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Abbey Opera
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
by Benjamin Britten
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BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24-hr. info 01-628 2295. Few days seats from 10 a.m. S.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

'KING LEAR' 17-23, 27-29 June, few seats avail.
'THE ROARING GIRL'. Jacobean comedy by Middleton and Dekker; seats avail. 24-25 June; final perfs 8-12 July. 'Helen Mirren's wonderfully starchy central turn'. Punch. 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING'. 29-30 June; few seats avail. 'THE PIT'. seats avail. 'THE BODY' by Nick Darke, 24-25 June; final perfs 8-12 July. 'A very powerful play about our perception of the Bomb'. Kaleidoscope.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage), 'Guys and Dolls', 'The Rivals', Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Inner Voices', 'A Map of the World', Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Small Change', 'One Woman Plays' (not suitable for children), 'Macbeth'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information: 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE. EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines) cc groups 01-379 6061. **THE WELLS STAGE COACH** before and after show bus service, phone 80 for details.

Ample free parking after 6.30 p.m.
17 & 18 June evgs 7.30. Sat. mat. 2.30 **YOUNG HOLLAND BALLET**. 20 June-22 July evgs 7.30. Sat. mat. 2.30 **HOUSTON BALLET** - 20-22 June **Pear Gynn**, 23 & 24 June.
Four Last Songs/Britten Pas de Deux/Three Preludes/Daphnis and Chloé.

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Saturday, 28 June

8 p.m.

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THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday, 19 June, 8 p.m., 'Practical Theosophy'. Wed., 22 June, 7.30 p.m., Commemoration 'ULT Day'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Publications

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